

MACLEAN'S

MAY 15 1951 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE TEN CENTS

WHY WIVES GO OUT TO WORK

By Sidney Katz

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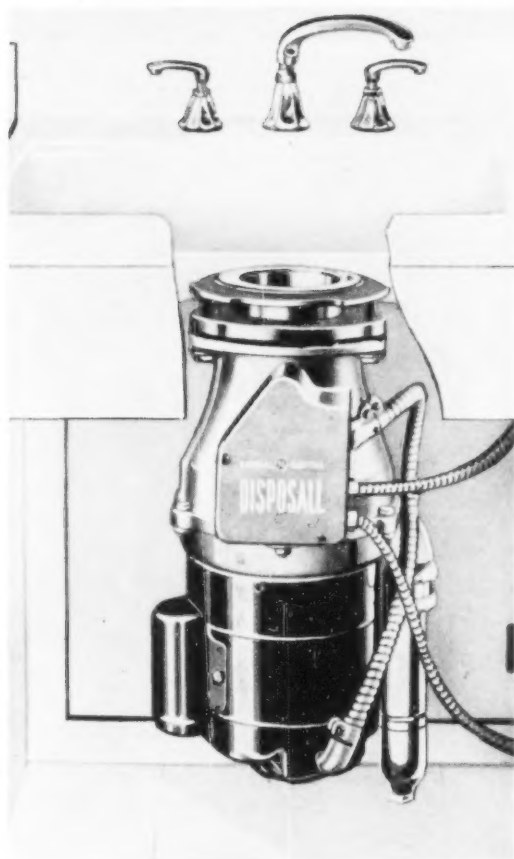
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EDITORIAL

WHEN THE CANUCKS HIT EUROPE AGAIN

A Guest Editorial by Lionel Shapiro

PARIS—On a sunny Saturday afternoon this spring a group of two hundred Frenchmen, veterans of the '14-'18 war, formed up at the corner of the Avenue George V and the Champs Elysées. The men were members of a regimental association and had come together to commemorate a battle long obscured by the passage of years. When the policemen on traffic duty had cleared the Champs Elysées the two front ranks of veterans raised their massed flags and led their comrades on the short march to the Arc de Triomphe where they were to pay their respects to the Unknown Soldier.

As the parade went by, men doffed their hats and placed them over their hearts. Women were misty-eyed.

Approaching the Arc, the parade passed the Astoria Hotel, General Eisenhower's temporary headquarters. Among the curb-stone watchers were three American soldiers. They stood with their hands in their pockets, quizzical grins on their youthful faces.

"Jeez, Ed, d'y'ever see a crummier bunch?"

"Boy, oh boy, what an outfit that musta been."

They bantered and chuckled as the civilians around them stood silently and respectfully at the passing of the flags. When the parade had moved into the shadow of the Arc they tossed away their cigarette butts and charged off, oblivious to the outraged glances of the civilians.

This was a small incident. The Americans hadn't contravened any regulation in the military book. But they had added another annoyance to the long smouldering civilian resentment of American troops and they had provided two or three dozen Parisians with another "American story."

Every French person of my acquaintance, without exception, has his or her "American story" to relate—some of drunkenness, of street fights, of insults to women, but mostly of an inexplicably arrogant attitude—and it is related with all the more bitterness because Parisians have lived with the problem since 1944.

At the moment this is an American problem because American troops are the only ones to be seen in Paris in any numbers. But it will soon become a Canadian problem too. Before the end of the year Canada will have almost fifteen thousand uniformed men in Europe and there is no reason to believe they will prove any more immune than their American comrades to the traditional behavior forms of the soldier away from home.

In 1944 and 1945 the Canadians were equally unpopular in Brussels and, after the fighting, in Amsterdam. Many of them were rowdy, thoughtless, overbearing and in some cases criminally cruel. Many of them behaved as they would never dare or dream of behaving at home.

At that period there was some excuse for battle-weary men. Today there are no such excuses. And today the consequences of bad feeling between the North American serviceman and the European civilian can be far greater than they were in 1945. The solidarity of the Western world, which is essential to its survival, cannot be guaranteed by

treaties alone. Its real guarantee—and that guarantee does not as yet exist—is the understanding of continent for continent, the tolerance of nation for nation, the respect of man for man.

The unpopularity of foreign troops in our allied countries of western Europe may be traced to two evils. The first is raw rowdiness in public places. The second, which is much more difficult to pin down and correct and yet is much the greater evil, is an attitude of arrogance.

In combating rowdiness the first task for the Canadians, while they are training in Canada, is to weed out the potential trouble-makers and to leave them at home. This is not an insuperable requirement. Within a few weeks of the beginning of training every company commander knows the two or three chronic trouble-makers in his outfit.

The second task is to set up regulations for a self-policing system. French and Belgian civilians, much as they hated the German invader, freely admit that the German soldier behaved correctly on leave. This was due mostly to a system whereby any German officer or noncom, on finding a soldier drunk or rowdy in a public place, had the authority to order the man to his quarters.

The problem of arrogance is not so easily tackled. In the soldier it usually stems from ignorance of the country where he is stationed and from a mistaken conception of the mission in which he is engaged. On both points, trouble can be avoided if the soldier is properly indoctrinated before he is dispatched overseas.

The American soldier's arrogance stems from the fact that he is deeply convinced he has been sent over to defend France (or Belgium or Holland) because these Europeans are too lazy or cowardly to do the job themselves. It is the rare and exceptional soldier who is aware of the truth: that the defense of his country depends on the defense of Western Europe, that if anyone is being imposed upon in this common effort it is the western European who finds himself sitting in the first line of the defense of North America.

This point of indoctrination must be hammered home to the young Canadian destined for European duty. If he understands this thoroughly it will make the difference in his attitude between arrogance and an easy tolerance. It will make him a welcome guest in western Europe and not a necessary evil. He will have a better time on his tour of duty; he will learn more; and he will return a better citizen, a more enlightened man. Moreover, he will be the best investment Canada could possibly make in building those spiritual alliances without which all our military alliances are likely to avail us nothing.

It is a hopeful thing that the Canadian Defense Ministry has recently established a bureau of current affairs to "tell Canadian servicemen why they are serving." The job is not a small or easy one. A part of it will be to teach the Canadian soldier to respect his enemies. An equally large and perhaps even more important part will be to teach him to respect his friends.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Ralph Allen Editor
John Clare Managing Editor
Blair Fraser Ottawa Editor
Assistant Editors: Pierre Berton, Articles; McKenzie Porter, Fiction; Gene Alliman, Art; N. O. Bonisteel, Photos; Leslie F. Hannon, Herb Manning, Sidney Katz, Ian Sclanders, Barbara Moon.

Douglas M. Gowdy Business Manager
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G. V. Loughton Circulation Director
H. Napier Moore, Editorial Director, Maclean-Hunter

CONTENTS

Vol. 64 MAY 15, 1951 No. 10

Cover: Painted by Franklin Arbuckle

Articles

WHY WIVES ARE GOING OUT TO WORK. Sidney Katz	7
THE FIGHT TO KEEP THE WILDERNESS WILD. Fred Badsworth	12
EVERYBODY'S PLAYING THE MARKET AGAIN. Charles Neville	14
WHY UNCLE SAM BLOCKED THE SEAWAY. Blair Fraser	16
WE FOUND THE LAST WILD WEST. Part Three, Richmond P. Hobson Jr.	18
MILK RUN TO KOREA. Pierre Berton	20
THE TOUGHEST MAN AFLOAT. McKenzie Porter ..	22
EVERY NIGHT AT SEVEN. A Maclean's Miniature. Norman Creighton ..	24
THEY SAY YOU TASTE LIKE PORK. Gratton Gray ..	26
PENICILLIN FOR SWEET MOLLY. James Thurber ..	48

Fiction

THE WHITE PAGAN. Ward Holm Tanzer	10
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Special Departments

EDITORIALS	2
LONDON LETTER: THIS DAUGHTER BUSINESS. Beverley Baxter	4
BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA. Blair Fraser	5
IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE	28
MACLEAN'S MOVIES. Conducted by Clyde Gilmour	30
CANADIANECODE: NO DRINKS, NO VOTES..	59
FOOTNOTES ON THE FAMOUS: LUCKY BREAK FOR THE BULGARS	74
MAILBAG	80
WIT AND WISDOM	83
PARADE	84

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

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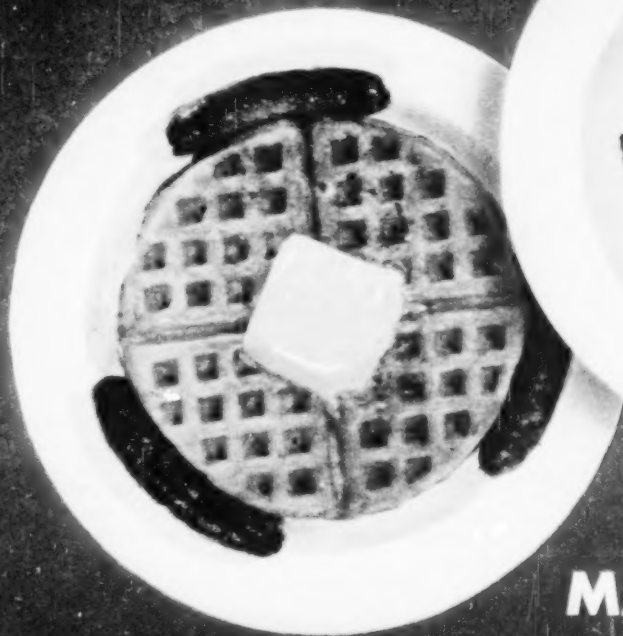
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What doctors say about Overweight



There are three wrong ways to Lose Weight

Through strenuous exercise. Exercise helps burn up some food that would be stored as fat. Authorities agree, however, that physical activity alone causes relatively little weight loss. Moreover, it places an extra burden on the heart which may already be taxed from overweight. In addition, exercise may increase appetite and cause a person to eat more than he usually would.

Through quick reducing diets. Doctors say that practically all "get-thin-quick" diets are likely to do more harm than good. That is because sudden

weight loss may impair health by lowering a person's strength and resistance. Gradual weight reduction—ranging from two to three pounds a week—protects against these hazards.

Through reducing pills. Medical science has long condemned the use of self-prescribed drugs to reduce weight. Authorities say these drugs should be used only when recommended by a doctor and then taken exactly as directed. Many of them may affect the heart and blood pressure or cause other serious conditions.

There is one best way to Lose Weight

The way to accomplish weight reduction is through a diet prescribed and supervised by the doctor. Authorities caution against overweight—especially after age 30—as excess pounds may place a burden on many vital parts of the body, particularly the heart and circulatory system.

The best way for each individual to get weight down and to keep it there, is through his doctor's guidance. This is important because the doctor will determine the cause

of overweight which, in over 95 percent of the cases, is simply due to overeating.

The doctor's help is needed, too, in determining what foods, and how much, may be eaten. He will also recommend regular exercise best suited to the individual.

With the doctor's advice, the hazards of sudden and unwise weight loss may usually be avoided . . . and weight reduction, in cases due to overeating, accomplished *steadily and safely*.

"Cheers for Chubby" is a new cartoon film on the danger, prevention and treatment of overweight, produced by Metropolitan. Entertaining and instructive, "Cheers for Chubby" will be shown in theatres this year. Watch for it in your neighbourhood.

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At magic eighteen the debs come out with battle plans from hopeful mothers.

LONDON LETTER by Beverley Baxter

THIS DAUGHTER BUSINESS

THE purpose of these London Letters is to try to give the readers of Maclean's a picture of what is happening in the United Kingdom. Inevitably politics must be a continuing theme for the simple reason that politics, like the weather, is always with us. But there come moments in the life of the British people when even the politicians give way to other personalities and other events.

Therefore in this letter I propose to leave the bawling and the bawling at Westminster (recently it has been more like a mad house than the dignified Mother of Parliaments) and discuss instead the pleasing subject of debutantes.

Up to 1939 the presentations at Buckingham Palace took place in the evening, in or about the month of June. They were called Courts and each debutante wore evening dress with plumes in her hair. There would be a long queue of cars in the Mall, and the London crowds used to turn up in their thousands and make lively comment upon the girls and their escorts.

Then came the war, and the pageantry of peace gave way to the lurid insanity of war. The debutante disappeared from the scene and wore uniform of another kind and with no plumes in her hair. When the war was ended His Majesty inaugurated a series of garden parties at Buckingham Palace where accepted debutantes wandered about and were considered thereby to have been presented at Court. They did not curtsy and only saw the King and Queen at a distance.

This year the plan was altered again. Courts are now held in the afternoon and each debutante is presented to the King and Queen, a feat involving two curtsies. The

reason for choosing the afternoon instead of the evening was to save the heavy cost of evening dress.

You may wonder why a man of my age and sobriety should suddenly take an interest in something which understandably excites the female of the species but leaves the normal male breast quite undisturbed. Then, as is the custom in the House of Commons, allow me to state my private interest in the subject under debate. Like King Lear I have a daughter, although, unlike King Lear, only one. This young person is on the verge of eighteen and she in turn possesses a mother who duly arranged to present Miss Baxter at Court. As Mrs. Beverley Baxter was presented many years ago it gives her what might be called a presentation status.

Now before my male readers decide to give up reading the rest of this story, I would remind them that this daughter business is something to be taken seriously. A son is quite different. In his son a man sees himself going through the same hazardous development of youth reaching and surmounting the awkward age, using a razor when there is little more than a dewy down upon the cheek, easily hurt but stubbornly defiant, growing taller while you look at him, and suddenly becoming a man when yesterday he was a boy.

But daughters! They are part of the great mystery and conspiracy of the female species. Where a boy of seventeen does not know what to do with his hands or feet a girl of the same age is ready to dance with an archduke with half the courts of Europe looking on—that is if there were any courts left. She discovered at about the age of three that she was of interest to the world. She is a

Continued on page 40

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

The Housing Outlook Grows Blacker

By BLAIR FRASER, Maclean's Ottawa Editor

CANADA is running into a major crisis in housing this year. With the need for new homes as great as ever, and 150,000 immigrants coming to make it worse, the building program has taken a nose-dive. The Government is baffled to know what to do about it, because Government policy created the crisis.

Not intentionally, of course. Prime Minister St. Laurent said last February that housing had a priority second only to defense production. He meant it, but he was wrong. In practice, housing has no priority at all, and it's being paralyzed by the Government's anti-inflation policy. In taking steps to dry up inflationary credit, Ottawa killed the roots of the housing boom.

Figures don't show it yet. Canada built a record ninety thousand houses last year and left sixty thousand more unfinished. With this enormous carry-over, 1951's total of houses completed will probably be high and might even equal the 1950 record. New starts, on the other hand, are never very numerous in the frost-bound first quarter, so that figures now available show little change from last year. But a drastic change is coming, and it'll be visible any time now.

The trouble is, there's no money for new housing. It's been cut off by a Government action that seemed to have little connection, a sound anti-inflation move that was applauded in orthodox circles. Some time ago the Bank of Canada lowered the price of government bonds. That set off a chain reaction.

Insurance companies had been lending most of the money for home-

building. Ever since the war they had been getting rid of government bonds (of which they had an over-supply when the war ended) and putting their money into mortgages. But after five years of this they'd got to a point where most of them had about enough money tied up in mortgages, and no longer had too many government bonds. They'd have begun to cut down a little this year, even if no change had taken place.

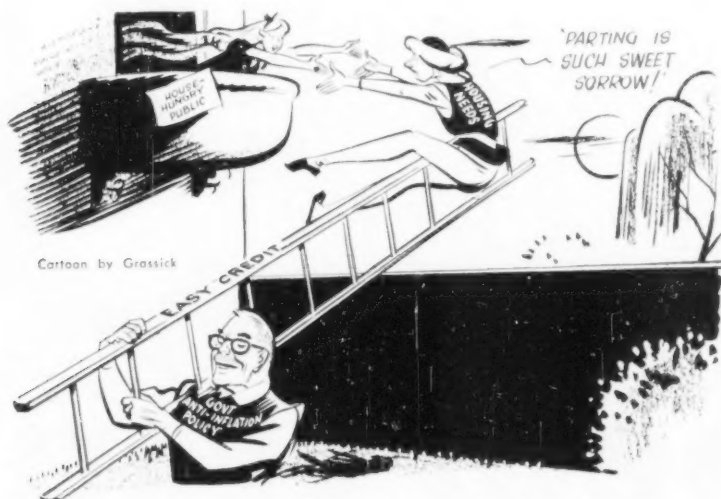
Reduction in the price of bonds made them act faster. They can sell no more bonds now without taking a loss, so they're holding on to what they've got. That means no money coming out of reserves for mortgages.

Of course they have mortgage money from other sources, but they are not anxious to put it into low-interest loans under the National Housing Act. Another effect of lowering the price of government bonds is to raise interest rates. Lending companies can get more for their money, with better security and much less trouble, than the law allows them under NHA.

The shortage of money has been increased, moreover, by the banks' refusal (at Government request) to lend money for capital development and business expansion. Businessmen, unable to get bank loans, are putting mortgages on their property instead; and, because they need the money for profitable operations, they don't mind paying a high interest rate.

Results of all this have already become apparent. The insurance companies are pulling out of the National

Continued on page 52



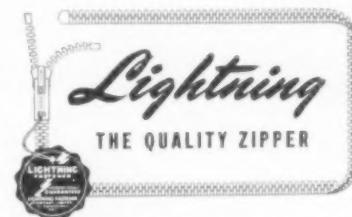
Doing the right thing to curb inflation was the wrong thing for home-builders.



they're stealing the show!

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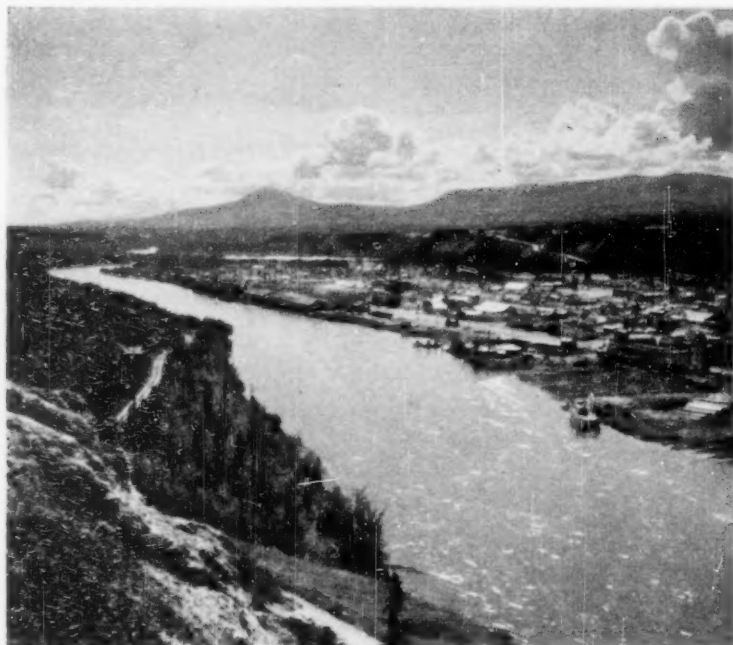
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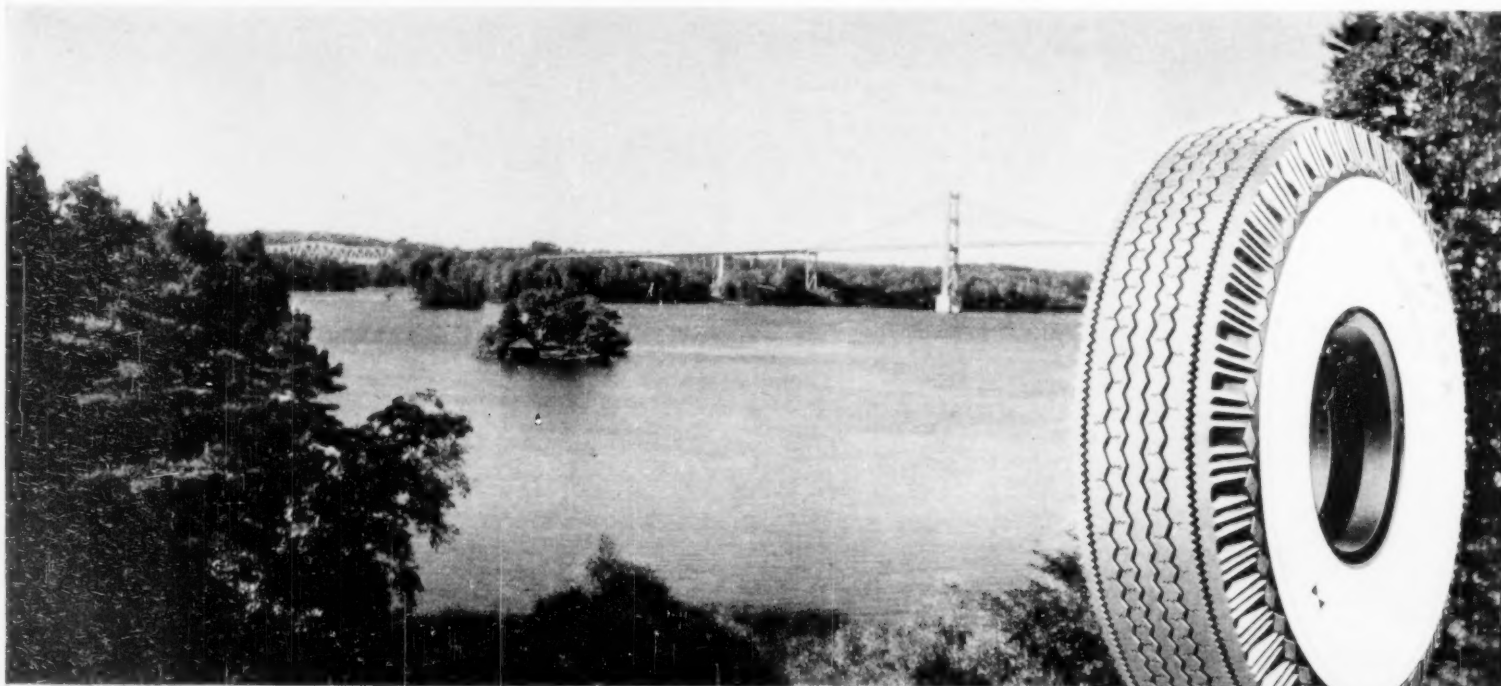
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GOOD YEAR



Crowds of women on their way home from work are familiar in most Canadian cities. A third are married, many with children.

Why wives are going out to work

Women are now one quarter of the labor force in Canada and every day more married women are going to offices and factories to balance the family budget. This close-up look at a national social and economic revolution tells what happens to the home, to the children and to the woman herself when she takes a job

By **SIDNEY KATZ**

PHOTOS BY PETER CROYDON

A REVOLUTION has quietly taken place in Canada during the past eleven years.

In 1939 there were about 666,000 women in the Canadian labor force. During World War Two women streamed into office and factory jobs until this figure was swollen to 1,200,000. Most people expected the women would quietly go back to their homes when the peace came. But no such thing has happened: the number of women working today is approximately the same as it was during the peak of the war.

Many women, evidently, are out of the home for keeps.

Recently manufacturers in twenty-two Canadian centres were surveyed. From sixteen cities including Montreal, Quebec City, Halifax, Toronto, Winnipeg and Edmonton, came the same story: the number of women working was climbing steadily. In the 1930s women formed 16.9 per cent of the total working force; their numbers now approach twenty-five per cent.

The most striking increase has been in the number of married women who are working. In the 1930s only ten per cent of women workers were married; today it has jumped to more than thirty per cent. Recently I





Mrs. Audrey Hunt works in a Toronto plant to help meet the bills for a family of five. Her day starts at 6.30.



After making breakfast and lunchboxes for herself and husband she gets sons Bill and Tommy ready for school.



She makes beds before going to work and pays neighbor to look after the baby. The boys make their own lunches.





Mrs. Hunt's salary as a cutter's helper buys extra food, clothing. She helps to make bathing suits and lingerie.



After work she does the family shopping. Most working wives say the high cost of living made them take jobs.

glanced through sixty applications from women for employment with a firm opening a branch factory in a small Ontario town. Thirty were from married women, several with two or more children.

This closely follows the trend in the United States. In December 1950 there were seventeen million women working—one million more than the year before. Of these, 51 per cent were married, compared with 36 per cent ten years ago. And one working woman in five had children under eighteen.

What lies behind this drastic change of pattern in our working force? Why have women—especially married women—forsaken their homes for work benches and desks? How are they getting on at their jobs? Do they earn as much as men and do they have a fair chance of promotion? How is the family affected when the mother goes to work? How does the husband feel about his wife changing from housewife to wage-earner? And finally, what happens to children when their mother spends most of her time away from home?

During the past several weeks I have been searching for some of the answers to these questions. I have interviewed business executives, personnel directors, labor leaders and scores of women who work. I have discussed the problem of working mothers with their husbands, with social workers and teachers. Here are some of the things I have learned:

The high cost of living is driving more and more women to work.

Women for the most part are not working because they like to, or as a gesture of emancipation. They are working because they have found it hopeless trying to balance the family budget on their husband's income alone. In March 1951 the cost-of-living index reached an all-time peak of 179.7, while the average weekly earning was

Continued on page 61



Dinner at 6.15 brings the family together once a day. Husband Lorne, a metal polisher, shares the housework.

A rigid schedule enables Mrs. Hunt to keep up with her housework, but many working wives complain they can't.



By working together the Hunts keep their family life happy. But in some homes the children are neglected. ▶





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A rigid schedule enables Mrs. Hunt to keep up with her housework, but many working wives complain they can't.



By working together the Hunts keep their family life happy. But in some homes the children are neglected. ▶



The faint sound of her bare feet twisting and squeaking on the teak deck was charged with primitive danger . . .





The White Pagan

There had been a time when Jack Howard had debated moral issues. But that had passed long before he rescued the castaways from Oaoa. When Liza danced on deck he glanced at Reeta, his wife for ten years . . . "At forty," he thought, "too much thinking mixes a man up"

By **WARD HOLM TANZER**

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

FROM HIS trolling chair Jack Howard saw the atoll appear off the port bow—just a green smudge on the horizon at first, then, as the yacht neared it, a clump of coconut trees rooted in a strand of white sand encircling a blue lagoon. When the loom set in the palms seemed to spring in the air and the sand to dissolve in shimmering mirage. As abruptly, the atoll reassembled itself into proportions of reality. Though it resembled scores of other uninhabited islands he had seen in the past few days, Jack snapped it with his color camera, trying for the effect of the palm fronds streaming in the trade wind.

As he replaced the camera on the deck, Teo, his Tahitian helmsman, gave a grunt, leaned forward over the grips of the wheel, and pointed toward the atoll. "Feia!" he cried.

Jack shielded his eyes against the bright afternoon sun. "What do you see?"

The island lay abeam now, a half-mile away. Jack could make out nothing but the white beach, the collar of surf, the waving fringe of palms crowding the shore.

"People," Teo said. "Two peoples."

Jack fastened his fishing line and walked to the rail. Beyond him the Tahitian cook was pointing at the atoll and shouting: "*Tane e vahine Tahiti!*"

Jack now saw a slight movement on the southern end of the beach. He called over his shoulder toward the starboard cabin, where his wife was resting. "Reet! Bring me my binoculars."

"Your what?" Her sleepy voice asked through the port-hole.

"My glasses. Hurry!"

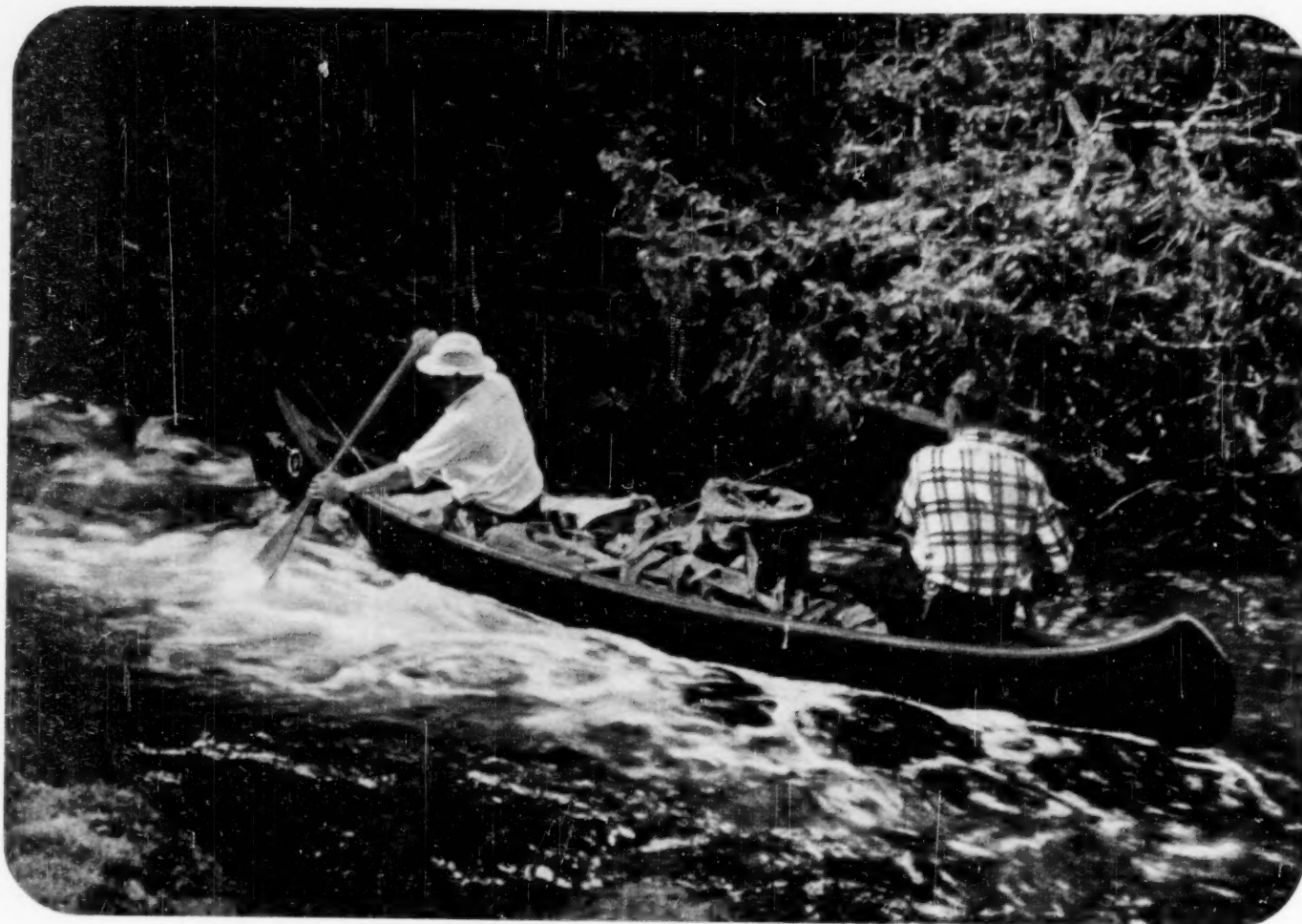
He could discern two indistinct figures waving. He reached impatiently for the binoculars as his wife stumbled up beside him. She said: "Sail fish?"

"No. People."

"Where, for heaven's sake?"

He whipped the glasses from the case and adjusted the focus wheel. "At the south end," he said. "Get your damned scarf out of the way." His eyes raced over the waves, up to the surf, over the white stretch of beach. "Hub!"

Continued on page 66



Far inside Quetico, Peter Fessenden, Toronto angler (bow), and Gus Walski, a park guide, buck their way upstream in fast water between Sarah and Tuck Lakes.

The Fight to Keep the Wilderness Wild

By FRED BODSWORTH

LAST August a millionaire manufacturer and family from Wichita, Kan., drove into the backwoods hamlet of Winton in northern Minnesota, unloaded several battered packsacks into canoes, and sent their chauffeur and Cadillac home. Then they disappeared for a month in the rugged and picturesque lakeland of north-western Ontario's Quetico Provincial Park, a hop skip across the border.

They packed canoes, tents, sleeping bags and a thirty-day grub supply across scores of portages snarled with boulders and fallen trees. They came out calloused, shaggy and browner than the hermit thrushes that sing from Quetico's spruce tangles.

"It's the only way I can have a real vacation," the industrialist told me. "Even aircraft can't find me once I get in there. No newspapers or summer cottages closer than fifty miles; just lakes and trout and canoes. It's the last real wilderness canoe country on the continent that is easily accessible. I sure hope it stays that way."

Hundreds of others like him who travel every summer on Quetico's network of canoe routes are concerned, too, fearing that the primitive, unscarred Quetico they love will be invaded by juke

In Quetico Park a canoeist can sometimes slap a moose on the rump with his paddle. And deep in its lake-and-forest fastness he can forget the civilized world and its worries. Trying to keep this piece of nature in the raw, an ardent band of wilderness lovers are fighting off the speedboats, dance halls and hamburger stands



boxes, hot-dog stands, summer cottages, super highways and gasoline pumps.

Established as a provincial park in 1909, Quetico's two thousand square miles of nature in the raw, perched on the international boundary one hundred miles west of Fort William, are now being held under lock and key by Ontario's Department of Lands and Forests. Resorts and cottages are kept out. Hydro power developers are shooed away. Some logging is permitted, but the department insists that timber on shorelines and islands be left untouched. These restrictions, however, exist only on a temporary basis through an order-in-council which has to be renewed each year. Wilderness lovers like myself want Quetico to stay untouched forever and we are trying to get permanent protective legislation passed.

Today Quetico is still isolated. On the Canadian side there isn't a road closer than fifty miles. Yet this has not prevented the resort and summer cottage planners from casting covetous glances at the park's trout-filled lakes and majestic stands of 300-year-old pines. Each year the number of applications for Quetico building sites mounts higher. The applications are refused and filed,

the applicants notified that Quetico, for the time being, is closed to any commercial or summer home development.

Will the Ontario authorities be able to stave off the pressure when highways get closer? We may soon know for the Department of Highways is now planning a road from Fort William to Fort Frances that will either pass through Quetico Park or skirt its northern boundary. This will bring the world of tourist lodges, dance halls and speed-boats to Quetico's doorstep.

Several times the Northwestern Ontario Associated Chambers of Commerce, representing Kenora, Fort William, Port Arthur, Fort Frances and a number of other adjacent towns, have passed resolutions urging the government to give first consideration to war veterans when Quetico is opened to resort leases. They take it for granted that when the park becomes accessible by highway it will be opened to tourist development.

"It will make the finest resort country on the continent," Bert Forsberg, president of the Fort Frances Chamber of Commerce, told me last summer. And it would. That's what has us wilderness lovers worried.

I have paddled Quetico's shimmering waterways and slogged across its rocky tangled portages. I've slept on the pine-needle mat of its forest floor beside rumbling waterfalls. I have experienced the restful soul-cleansing sense of escape that only the wilderness traveler can know. I love Quetico—the raw and rough Quetico that far-sighted authorities have so far seen fit to preserve. I hope my grandchildren, and their grandchildren, will be able to know and love the wild untracked Quetico which I can know today. We owe them at least one unspoiled fragment of the primitive mid-continental America that is now all but gone.

Political Guns Are Blazing

But others don't see it that way. Willard Price, secretary of the Fort Frances Chamber of Commerce, says: "Everyone is not strong enough to lug canoes and tents across half a dozen portages to reach their fishing. Yet they have just as much right to fish in Quetico as anyone else. They can't do it unless we provide them with roads and lodges for accommodation."

I'd like to point out in answer that there are thousands of lakes with roads and lodges. There are few accessible unspoiled wilderness sections remaining where the true lover of wild country can see the Canada which the first explorers saw.

A 25-year war to keep Quetico as our last untouched wilderness is entering its final battle. Spearheading a hands-off-Quetico crusade is a group which calls itself the Canadian Quetico-Superior Committee (chairman: Vincent Massey), and backing it up are agencies like the Izaak Walton League, Canadian and American Legions, Federation of Ontario Naturalists, Wilderness Society, and others. Political guns are blazing in Washington and Ottawa as well as on the doorsteps of Toronto's Queen's Park, for the Quetico battle has become the deciding bout of a much grander campaign to establish an international wilderness forest straddling both sides of the border as a living memorial to Canadians and Americans who fought side by side in two world wars, and are now fighting side by side again.

It all started 40 years ago when W. A. Preston, MP for Ontario's Rainy Lake, worked himself and a lot of others into a huff over the inroads of American poachers in northwestern Ontario's border country. They stamped out the poaching by turning the most vulnerable area into a provincial park. They called it "Quetico"—backwoods French for "quest for the coast"—since it was this picturesque country through which explorers paddled in their quest for the western sea.

Woods-wise President Theodore Roosevelt recognized that Quetico was only half a loaf until the U. S. chipped in and set aside a corresponding area on its side. So he established the Superior National Forest, roughly corresponding in size to Quetico, in adjoining northern Minnesota.



Nature-lovers John Mitchelle, Carl Atwood and writer Rodsworth tote their packs over a portage; the canoe went first trip. The river was blocked by forest-fire debris.

Then the battle for their preservation began.

When the Model T came rattling into the lives of millions of Americans there was a great cry for more roads. U. S. state and federal highway departments plotted a network of highways for the Superior forest. But the wilderness defenders protested to Washington and road-builders were told to lay off. The Quetico-Superior country had weathered its first storm.

In 1925 Minnesota's power and timber tycoon, E. W. Backus, laid before the Canadian and U. S. governments a gigantic power-development scheme which would include seven great dams along the Quetico-Superior's border lakes and rivers. The project would have raised levels of some lakes eighty feet, submerged scores of islands and waterfalls, left thousands of miles of shoreline a morass of stagnant water and stark dead trees. An angry team of objectors, led by Arthur Hawkes, Winnipeg and Toronto newspaperman, and Ernest Ober-

holtzer, of Rainy Lake, fought the powerful Backus, finally right through to the International Joint Commission.

Before the commission, Backus talked eloquently of towns and great industries his project would create. He pleaded, almost in tears, for permission to crown a lifetime of industry-building with this last great enterprise. Then the wilderness-lovers testified. Men like Hawkes talked quietly of 300-year-old pines, of portages, the pungent scent of campfires and of moose that came down to lonely boggy bays in the crimson light of evening. The commission turned down the Backus application.

Hawkes and his victorious pals knew the Quetico-Superior wilderness would continue to be threatened with commercial exploitation until governments in Canada and U. S. agreed to a permanent joint plan of preservation. They began a campaign urging that the whole area

Continued on page 33



Canada's first highway. Through the Quetico waterways two hundred years ago paddled the voyageurs, taking their rich cargoes of furs to the markets in the east.

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At-A	25	56		
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er	24	30%	-5	100
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58	0	650	-5	500
ne	225	0		1450
225	22	225		4400
22	2	14%		500
22	2	22%	+	1200
38%	28	22%	+1	50
66	38	42%	+1	50
49	38	38%		50
49	49	66%		250
40	40	40%		6800
22	22	40%		36
4	4			
17	16%	16%	+1	7000
118	117	825	+20	3625
525	810	825		2000
55	55			15
27	27	62	+2	2500
63	62	62	+1	600
22	22	22%		200
21	21	183	-2	1000
184	181	31		100
31	30	650	+10	850
850	85	230		100
230	230	340	-1	10
63	63	340		1900
340	340	235	+2	3300
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Inexperienced or not, the amateurs who jumped in early and were lucky enough, or smart enough, to put their money

Jack Rattray, Toronto Stock Exchange statistician, dug into his files recently and reported that the market value in June 1949 of about nine hundred stock issues on the Toronto exchange was \$7,500 millions. In *Continued on page 50*

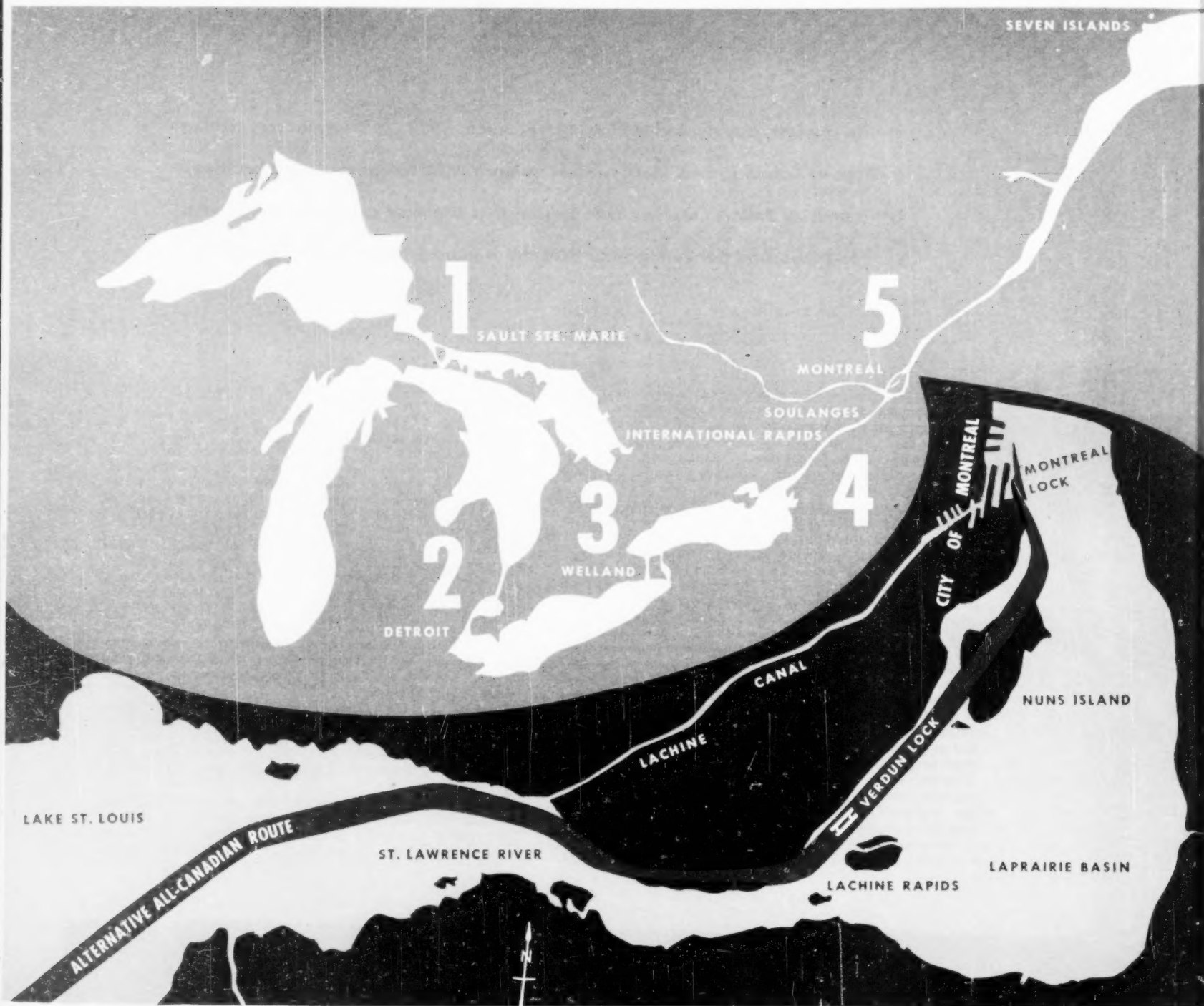
Continued on page 50



WHY UNCLE SAM HAS BLOCKED

By BLAIR FRASER

Maclean's Ottawa Editor



1 Dredging is needed in the St. Mary's River to provide 27-ft. depth in channels. A lock was built in 1943.

2 The channels between Erie and Huron, now 21-25 feet, must be deepened to permit a seaway.

3 Canadian-built Welland Canal locks are suitable for seaway but the canal must be two feet deeper.

4 A series of dams, canals, locks and dikes planned on fifty miles of river will wipe out some towns.

5 Bigger locks and canal at Lachine to help remove bottleneck between Montreal and Lake Ontario.

THE SEAWAY

IF THE United States Congress is ever going to ratify the 1941 St. Lawrence Seaway Agreement it will do so this year. If not, and chances look none too good, Canada might as well start the job alone.

It's worth doing. It will bring 2.3 million horsepower of cheap electricity to Ontario and Quebec—the last major source of power still undeveloped in central Canada. By letting all Great Lakes shipping out and some ocean shipping in, it will cut forty-eight million dollars a year off transport costs. It will add seventy million dollars or more a year to Canada's national income, by doubling the market for Quebec-Labrador iron.

Those are the measurable advantages. More important are those that can't be measured.

With the seaway Canada and the U. S. could build their anti-submarine fleet in the safety of inland shipyards. With the seaway the great inland steel mills of North America would have a safe and ample supply of ore when the Mesabi Range is exhausted, as it will be before many years are gone; otherwise, ore must be imported over a long sea route, vulnerable all the way to submarines.

With the seaway a war emergency can be met without overstraining the railways as they were overstrained last time. With the seaway and its power development, heavy industry in the North American heartland could be expanded very fast to meet the demands of war or peace.

All these imponderables and some of the straight cash benefits too are worth as much to the United States as to Canada. That's why every president since Woodrow Wilson, every governor of New York since Al Smith, has been willing and anxious to make it a joint project with the U. S. paying most of the costs.

Twice, in 1932 and 1941, formal agreements to build it were signed by Ottawa and Washington. Both needed congressional approval; neither got it. The 1932 treaty failed, in 1934, to get the necessary two-thirds majority in the Senate. The 1941 agreement, after ten years, has yet to come to a vote in either chamber. Year after year it has been stalled in committee.

This spring the Truman Administration made the greatest effort yet. Never had such a galaxy of stars trooped up Capitol Hill to testify in favor of the seaway. President Truman himself set the ball rolling with a strong recommendation in his annual economic report to Congress. The National Security Resources Board urged, for American safety, that the project be "initiated promptly and completed as fast as possible"—"there is no sound basis on which to build an argument for not doing so," said the board.

Favorable witnesses before the House Public Works Committee included the biggest guns in the American Government: Dean Acheson, Secretary of State; General George C. Marshall, Secretary of Defense and one of the most admired figures in the land; Charles Sawyer, Secretary of Commerce, who said "we can't afford not to build it;" Oscar L. Chapman, Secretary of the Interior, who gave an impressive barrage of facts and figures to prove the seaway an urgent defense need.

Charles E. Wilson, co-ordinator of defense production, testified with the zeal of a convert. Two years ago, as president of General Electric, he'd been against the seaway. Today, as the man in charge of defense production, he is for it—converted, he said, by a closer examination of the facts.

He now feels, as a businessman, that he'd be glad to undertake the seaway and power development as a private venture.

By contrast, the opposing witnesses looked like a parade of nonentities. The opening witness for the opposition, who spent several days on the witness stand, was the assistant general counsel for the Association of American Railroads, chief supporter of the anti-seaway lobby. Succeeding witnesses, in the main, have been equally obscure citizens.

Why, then, isn't the seaway bill sure to go through?

It's still possible, of course, that it may go through; informal polls seem to indicate a majority of the House Committee favors it. But the Senate Foreign Relations Committee must also approve and its hearings haven't even begun; the chairman, Tom Connally of Texas, has been an anti-seaway man for years. In either House the Rules Committee can bury it, keep it off the floor and away from a vote.

They can, but why should they? What explains this determined suppression, year after year, of something favored by every administration from Harding's to Truman's.

Lobbying alone could hardly do it. There is an anti-seaway lobby called the National St. Lawrence Project Conference; last year it collected \$40,442.87, mostly from the Association of American Railroads. But there is also a pro-seaway lobby, the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Association, which got \$58,104.75 from the M. A. Hanna Company, one of the owners of the Quebec-Labrador mining rights, and various inland steel and motor companies. The anti-seaway lobby is located in a little crowded office, a kind of annex to the Association of American Railroads. The pro-seaway lobby, headed by a well-paid executive named Dr. N. R. Danielian, is much more luxuriously quartered and looks far more like the layman's conception of a Washington pressure group.

They're Scared It Will Succeed

It was not always so. Danielian's "association" had a very thin time for a while and didn't strike real pay dirt until last year. That was when the Hanna company and the steel people, who used to oppose the seaway violently, suddenly saw the light and were converted. There is nothing like ownership of a large iron mine, whose potential market will be doubled by deep-water transportation, to help a man to see where the public interest lies.

But, although Danielian now has plenty of financial support, his political support still appears to be outclassed by the "anti" group. The Association of American Railroads has influence with chambers of commerce right across the U. S. Even more influential, and equally anti-seaway, are the railway labor unions. So are the coal miners. So are the port authorities all the way down the Atlantic and Gulf coasts from Maine to Texas.

They are against the seaway because they think it will take business away from them. They will go on at great length about how the seaway is a foredoomed failure and a waste of the taxpayer's money, but it's evident (some of them openly admit) that their real fear is not that the seaway will fail, but that it will succeed.

I asked one railway

Continued on page 76

Even though war clouds have added to its urgency, the St. Lawrence Seaway stands only a slim chance of getting past the U. S. Congress this year. Energetic lobbyists and an apathetic public will probably shove it right back into a nineteen-year-old pigeonhole and Canada's sole hope of realizing the ancient dream may be to dig it on her own



Every U. S. president since Harding has favored the seaway but legislators like Sen. C. Lodge (above) have stalled it.



Before he was given the job of arming the U. S., Charles E. Wilson fought the seaway. Now he's an outspoken convert.

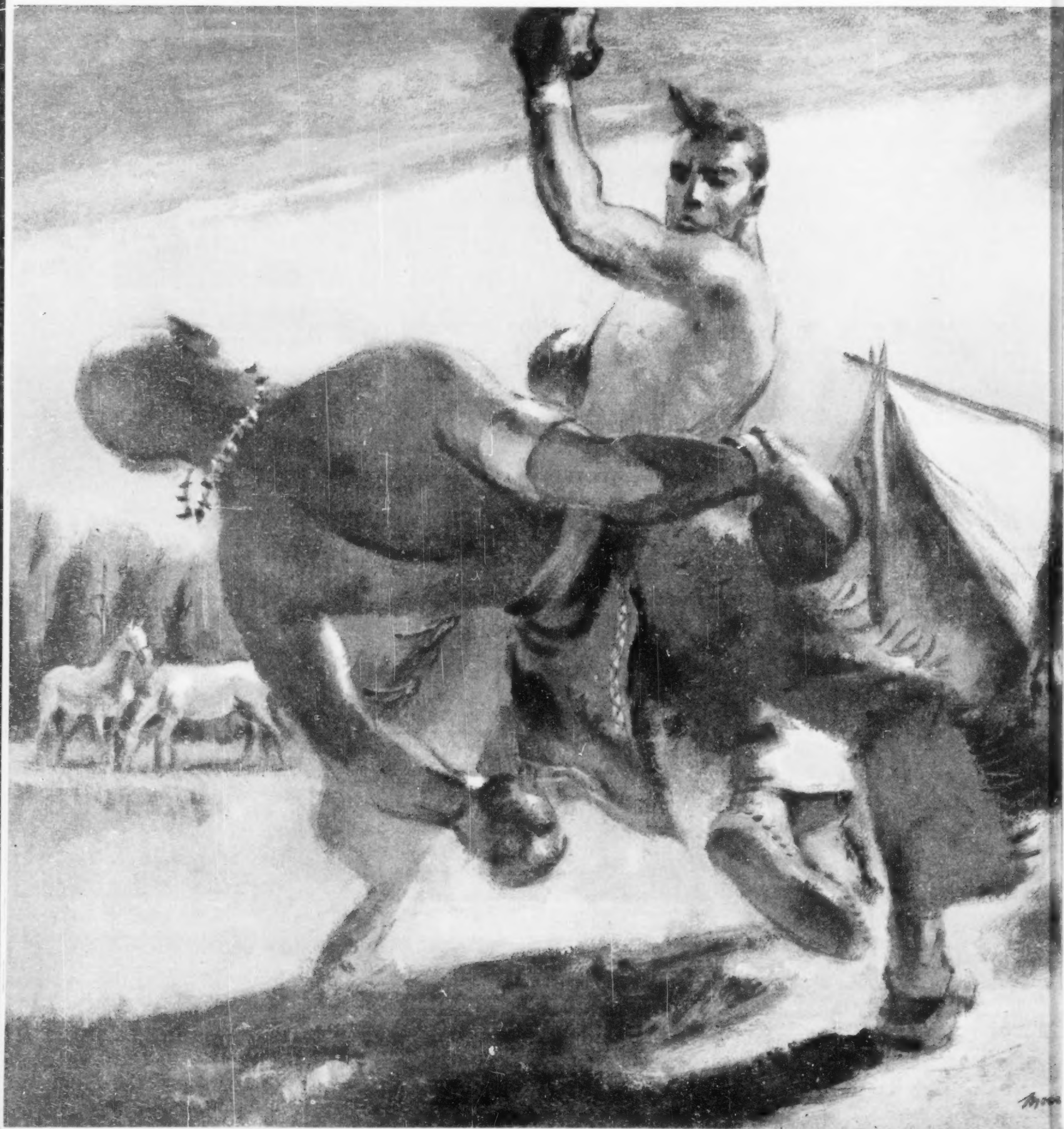


Sen. Tom Connally, always anti-seaway, heads the senate foreign relations group which has the power to shelve the bill.

WE FOUND THE LAST WILD

By RICHMOND P. HOBSON JR.

ILLUSTRATED BY MURRAY SMITH



D WEST

The guide's last warning when he turned back from the wild new cattle land was: "Act friendly to the Indians; remember they're your neighbors." But when the drums began to beat they knew the Indians didn't want them as friends - or neighbors. By daring gun play and in a savage fist fight the cowboys won the right to stay on the range

WHAT HAS HAPPENED: Rich Hobson and Panhandle Phillips, two penniless cowboys, have trekked 2,000 miles from Wyoming in search of a blank space on the map of Northern B. C. where legend says a vast rich cattleland lies hidden behind a mountain barrier. With Andy Holte, a B. C. rancher and his son Tommy, they take their 16-horse packtrain through swampland, muskeg, jack pine and crag until, from a peak in the Algak Mountains, they spy through binoculars the yellow blur on the far horizon which marks the land they seek. No white man has seen it before and wide stretches of muskeg and fierce, uncivilized Ulgatcho Indians bar its way. The time: late spring, 1935.

PART THREE

BEFORE Andy Holte headed back to his ranch at Anahim Lake he gave us some advice which we later wished we'd followed.

"You kids are pullin' north into a country so far back 'd so hard to get at that ya don't have to make but a few of the same mistakes I made, and you won't come out," Andy said. "Nobody will drop into a country as big as the state of Washington to find out why you didn't come out for your winter's grub. Draw a map of what lays before you. Put down all the landmarks you can. Spot your yellow grass openings on your map where there'll be feed for the cayuses. And never leave your camp without packin' a gun.

"When you meet up with Indians yell hello at them and make them sit down and drink coffee with ya. Don't be mean or cheap, act real happy when you're around them, don't ever tell one of them a lie and, I don't have to tell ya, don't play around with their women. Remember they're your neighbors. Talk on the same level with them.

"All three of you empty-headed walruses has got to know that it's mighty easy to get lost down in those jack pines. Remember, when the horse wants to go one way and you the other, ya want to let the feller have his head, and you'll land back with the other horses at your camp. And, boys—never cross a swamp or a muskeg—even if you have to go miles around it. Take to the bush. So long, you mountain bums."

Andy rose to his feet, hopped onto the back of his brindle horse and, without another word, trotted off down the back trail.

What a country, I thought. There goes Andy, headed for home, riding over a dangerous terrain. His wife and nobody else knows where he went in the first place, or how long he was planning to be gone. If his horse slipped into the muskeg, or stuck his foot in a hole, or got snagged in a wind-fall, there would be nobody out to look for him. The coyotes, wolves and grizzly bears would take charge of him so fast that after a couple of good rains Andy's disappearance would remain a mystery for keeps. Good old Andy!

Pan and I followed his advice and made a series of maps. Then we made our plans for the expedition to the Blur. The idea was first to swing down toward the base of the mountains, then strike through the jack pines to the first series of yellow land openings. Then cut trails through the bush

to the farthest yellow spots on the horizon. We had no idea how long it would take to slug through from here to the Blur, for even with field glasses it was impossible to judge the type of country and the mileage.

We got away to an early start and by noon the trail dipped down into the forests. Now we had to break through a long tough four miles of heavy spruce to reach the foot of the mountain. Tommy and I went ahead, slashing out a trail wide enough to get the pack horses through. By dusk we broke out onto the jack-pine flat at the base of the mountain. Windfalls lay piled up between the trees. It started to rain. Now we chopped out only the highest windfalls, and the horses jumped over the rest.

We made camp but we slept very little.

All the next day the three of us cut steadily north until black, dripping night reached down again. The following morning as we moved east herds of mosquitoes began to tear us apart. We had no mosquito dope or netting. This was one business that we hadn't thought about.

The rain let up, and then a kind of low humming noise reverberated through the wet jungle air, the buzz from an endless cloud of mosquitoes. They got into our throats, were sucked in through our nostrils and got into our eyes. Never before had I seen Pan as gaunt, worried and beaten-up looking as he was now. Our position was becoming more critical with each hour. It was quite possible that the wet, dripping, mosquito-filled jungle that swept endlessly to the north of us had sucked us into its green void. The exhaustion, the hopelessness of our situation, the knowledge that we could easily have missed the yellow land openings—and, with spent and before long dying horses, we were plunging still deeper into the dark, horrifying tangle whose green, moss-hung immensity stretched uninterruptedly for hundreds of miles into the north—was terrifying.

For days we'd been drinking swamp water. The next day it hit us, men as well as horses: dysentery, chills and fever. Our faces and necks were swollen like boils.

At three o'clock the next morning Tommy came steaming up out of his wet blankets to shout that the horses had pulled their pegs.

"They've hit for home," he yelled.

That was some day. The horses had split in two bunches. Pan and Tommy, following tracks down the back trail, got around the main bunch by afternoon. Nimpo, my own little rebel gelding, was in the lead as usual. Even with his hobbles on and his ankles raw, blood-caked and flyblown, he was hard to catch.

Rescue in the Muskeg

I sneaked up on four head, led by Old Buck. "This whole damn thing has got to come to a stop," I said to Old Buck, "or the bunch of us, horses and men, will be standing on our heads in the mud—a bunch of raving maniacs."

The following day we received a hard blow. The trail broke suddenly out on the edge of a muskeg arm which seemed to stretch endlessly in both directions. We were now in a critical and dangerous position.

In the late afternoon we came to a spot where the muskeg was split by

Continued on page 56

Everything I had was in that punch. He kicked in the dirt and lay still



from my North



In Tokyo, men from 426 Squadron—Bud Austin, Gus Fielman, Dean Broadfoot and Jack Henry—take in the sights. The round trip between the U. S. and Japan takes the crew eleven days.

MILK RUN TO KOREA

For ten months the RCAF has flown supplies for the UN armies in Korea with the cold precision of bombing raids. Here Maclean's Pierre Berton rides the history-making airlift through Arctic blizzard and Pacific storm with a group of young air veterans to whom the world has shriveled to the size of a city block

By PIERRE BERTON

ALITTLE more than a month ago a young RCAF flying officer named Dean Broadfoot checked into the Marunouchi Hotel in Tokyo. Broadfoot, who had just arrived from the Aleutian Islands, spotted an acquaintance in the lobby.

"Where you been?" he asked. "I haven't seen you around lately."

"I was in Montreal on leave," his friend said, and promptly departed for Hawaii that afternoon.

One week later the two of them had a drink together in Tacoma, Washington.

The only remarkable thing about this episode is that it has become commonplace. Broadfoot and his buddy are members of No. 426 Squadron, which is the most-traveled unit in the RCAF. At present it is operating out of McChord Air Force Base, Washington, on the great Korean airlift. To the members of this squadron the world has shriveled to the approximate size of a city block and they have all got into the habit of talking about such unlikely places as Shemya, Alaska; Wake Island, South Pacific; and Tisdale, Saskatchewan, as if they were just around the corner.

It is less than four years since Dean Broadfoot himself was taking geography at Tisdale High. Now he could tell the geography teacher a thing or two, for he has since seen more of the world than most men will see in a lifetime.

He has swum on the beach at Waikiki, lain in the sun on the French Riviera and been shaken



On tiny Shemya (Aleutians) Berton met a blizzard.

by an earthquake in Tokyo. He has lived in an igloo in Labrador and been beaten up in Montmartre. He has drunk *saki* in Japan and *kashasha* in Brazil. He has won money at *le crappe* in Monte Carlo and at Ace-away in Whitehorse, Y.T. He once crossed both the equator and the Arctic circle in the space of nine days. He has flown over the north magnetic pole and the international date line, carried penicillin to Iceland, gunny sacks to flood-stricken Winnipeg, rockets to Korea and wounded soldiers to Honolulu. He has flown more than half a million miles in his time and he has seen London, Paris, Amsterdam, Nice, Gibraltar,

Tripoli, Malta, Cairo, Dakar, Natal, Trinidad, Puerto Rico, Bermuda, Fort Nelson, Goose Bay, Anchorage, Itima, Taejon and Alert Bay in the Arctic, which is the farthest civilized point north in the western hemisphere.

When veteran members of the squadron look at Broadfoot and others of his generation they are apt to wince and remark that they are growing old. Broadfoot is just twenty-two. With his thick curly hair, his pink good health and his ability to sleep like a top and work around the clock, he is a constant reminder that flying is a young man's game. He is a postwar pilot. When the war broke out he was a kid of ten.

It was Broadfoot and his crew who took me recently from McChord Field to Haneda airport in Japan on the grueling northern leg of the Korean airlift in a North Star transport. The oldest officer aboard, Gus Fielman the radio operator, had just turned 25. Co-pilot Jack Henry, fresh out of University of Toronto, is 23. Navigator Bud Austin, 22, graduated from high school in London, Ont., just two years ago.

Their job is to fly the airlift to Japan, north by way of the Aleutians and back by way of Wake Island and Hawaii, carrying everything from paper cups to helicopters and bringing back litters of wounded men. The airlift has been in operation since the Korean War started last summer and has already surpassed the famous Berlin lift in



Radio operator Fielman turns up his collar against the fierce winds on Adak, a U. S. Navy base.



On Shemya, wind is a major landing hazard. A big gust swept this B-17 from a runway.



Pilot Dean Broadfoot inspects cargo packing in his North Star at McChord Field. On the return trip the plane carries wounded from the Korean battle fronts.

size and scope. Its planes—U.S., RCAF and commercial—have covered more than thirteen million miles without a fatal accident and poured ten million tons of freight in and out of Japan and Korea.

The RCAF's No. 426 Squadron joined the lift in July. Before that it was handling regular transport stints to the Canadian North, helping out in flood emergencies and taking training flights south of the equator.

When the squadron got orders to join the airlift it was based in Montreal. Thirty-six hours after arriving at McChord three of the planes were off for Tokyo. And they were back again in eighty-four hours. Broadfoot, who was in Trinidad when the order came, found himself on the other side of the world a short time later. Now he is captain of one of the sixteen RCAF crews who fly the milk run around the giant 11,000-mile circle from the U. S. to Japan and back again.

It was a drizzly grey morning when I climbed aboard Military Air Transport Service North Star No. 7504 on the wet McChord airfield. Because of the changes in temperature they were to encounter in the next week, the men were carrying a good deal of luggage. They had parkas for the Aleutians, dress uniforms for Tokyo,

summer uniforms for Wake Island and bathing trunks for Honolulu.

Broadfoot climbed aboard with a brief case stuffed with manuals and documents. He grinned at me. "We got a saying that the weight of the aircraft is equal to the weight of the paper carried," he said.



There's a girl behind every tree at Shemya—but no trees. The buildings are below ground.

He had filed a flight plan to Anchorage, Alaska, which is the regular refueling stop on the northern leg—nine and a half hours away. The rain was driving in sheets across the McChord runway as he hoisted himself into the pilot's seat.

"I hope these wipers work," he said.

"If they don't you can run along outside and clean them off," Bud Austin, the navigator, told him.

The radio began to crackle and Gus Fielman, the operator, put away the copy of *The Young Lions* he'd been reading and began to fiddle with knobs.

"Hello, Seven-Five-O-Four. Tower. MATS requires visibility one half, ceiling four hundred before take-off," the radio said. "Visibility is now one quarter, ceiling two hundred."

Broadfoot swore under his breath and all the crew made elaborate gestures of distaste.

"Hey," said Broadfoot into his microphone, "has anybody up there looked out the window lately?"

The voice on the radio said they had. "Well, the ceiling and visibility are okay out here," said Broadfoot, looking optimistically into the rain.

But it was fifteen minutes before they cleared him for take-off into the low wet clouds hanging heavy over the Pacific Northwest. The big North Star, loaded *Continued on page 36*

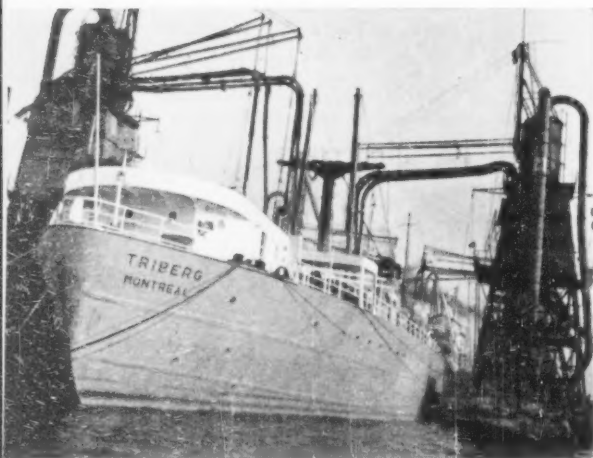


Sinkings and shellings at sea and strange interludes ashore have been bosun Fred White's life for more than forty years. On the Montreal waterfront, where he still inspires awe among the men who keep the ships shipshape, he's known as

THE TOUGHEST MAN AFLOAT

By MCKENZIE PORTER

Photos by Gilbert A. Milne



White's home and business address is the Triberg, one of the fifty cargo ships sailing from Canada.

IF ONE man personifies the ups and downs of Canadian shipping since the turn of the century he is fifty-seven-year-old Fred White, bosun of the Canuk Line freighter Triberg.

This gangling, tattooed, hunch-shouldered shell-back with the face of a Breton priest; this restless, improvident, God-fearing Newfoundlander with more lives than a cat; this character clipped clean out of Conrad believes he has sailed deep seas longer than any other Canadian. No other Canadian can surpass his record of thirty almost unbroken years as boss of the deck hands.

Ever since he was fourteen he has raked the dockside dives of the world, defied gunpowder, hurricane and slump, and, since he's a bachelor, given to ships that kind of devotion other men reserve for a wife.

He's been rolled in Hoboken, stripped in Odessa, knifed in Port Said, jailed in Halifax, scuppered

in Palermo, torpedoed off Gibraltar and marooned for ten hours on the keel of an upturned boat in mid-Atlantic. But he has clung to seafaring with the tenacity of a barnacle to a coaster's bottom.

When White, still in knee breeches, signed on a schooner bound for Spain the great Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick maritime industries, developed during the 19th century, were in their death throes because British steel shipbuilding had killed the lumber trade.

In 1918, when White came out of the Royal Navy and joined a rebuilt fleet operated by the Canadian Government Merchant Marine Limited, he sailed with it into extinction because the crown company failed to replace obsolete vessels.

Today White is weathering the third of those political and economic off-shore storms which have scattered Canadian fleets into the hands of foreign owners and left thousands of mariners to wear their pants out on the bollards of Montreal, Halifax and Vancouver.

Crippled by fabulous losses during the Communist-led Canadian Seamen's Union strike of 1949,

deprived of cargoes by dollar-short shippers of the sterling bloc, and outpaced on the high seas by Britain's new merchant armada of seven thousand vessels, Canada's shipping has been reduced once more to a handful of freighters run by a few courageous owners.

White is one of two thousand deep-seamen left to Canada of about seven thousand listed at the end of World War Two. His ship the *Triberg* is one of fifty cargo vessels on Canadian registry out of the two hundred and fifty on the seas in 1948. Canadian ships carry only six per cent of our seagoing imports and exports.

The Canuk Line, which includes the *Triberg*, Seaboard Trader, Seaboard Star and Seaboard Enterprise—all 10,000-ton dry cargo ships built in Vancouver during the war—is the only Canadian line carrying Canadian crews and a Canadian charter and running on regular schedules between Canadian ports and the United Kingdom. Carrying freight at the same rate as UK flag lines, the Canuk Line is burdened with almost twice as heavy operating costs.

Wistfully watching White still casting off for England every five weeks, shore-bound mariners wonder how it is, come hell and high water, he always gets signed on while they must turn to carpentry, scaffolding, tentmaking and stevedoring to earn their victuals.

As White himself insists, he's been "no angel." His life, he says, has been "all sailing, drinking, fighting and loving." He tells stories of monumental sprees in Grant Road, Bombay; Sister Street, Alexandria; Ship Street, Hong Kong; The Arches, Buenos Aires; West India Docks, London, and Craig Street, Montreal.

He was once paid off in England with five thousand dollars and squandered it in eight weeks. Once he went ashore at 2 p.m. in Montreal with three hundred dollars and returned at 5 p.m. penniless.

His Shells Scared the Sub

Like many other sailors after weeks at sea, White gets what he calls "that millionaire-for-a-day feeling." Then, he says, he's a sucker for the harbor rats, bums and floozies who wait for seamen everywhere. A devout Roman Catholic, he is usually acutely remorseful over his excesses. Fred Parks, first mate on the *Triberg*, says: "I've seen him blubbing like a kid."

Until a year ago he had never saved a cent. Then the master of the *Triberg*, Captain A. M. Sutherland, persuaded White to open his first bank account and deposit sixty per cent of his pay. "I've never noticed the difference," says White in amazement. "I don't know how much I've got. I don't even know what bank my money's in. I ask the captain to keep my bankbook and I haven't looked at it for six months."

But there is another side to White's character. During World War One he was serving as an RN gunner in a British merchantman. When she was torpedoed in the Mediterranean White was the only man of the gun crew able to reach the poop.

"The sub surfaced on our beam," he says, "and I fired five shots. Then he fired back at us. I kept banging away at him. We were sinking. My gun was only a three-pounder, but I kept on letting him have it. He got scared and sheered off."

White was still firing when the decks were awash. He fired his last round as the seawater rushed into the muzzle of his gun. The shell burst in the barrel. When one of his own ship's lifeboats picked him up, he says, "I was still yelling curses on that sub."

During the last war he was coasting off West Africa when his ship picked up a deck cargo of beef cattle. In a storm the deck pens broke and three hundred bulls rolled bellowing and kicking around the scuppers. "There was no grub in Freetown," says White, "and they needed those bulls. I dodged among them on the decks and managed to make the pens fast again. Bulls that should have been forrard had all slithered aft. And bulls that should

Continued on page 45



Canadian crews are paid twice as much as British merchant seamen and live better at sea. Meals feature varied menus and generous helpings. The men bunk four to a cabin and get free laundry.



Utility boy George Phillips splices a rope. He takes orders from White, who bosses deck hands.



Seaman Don Woodliffe paints steel shrouds. The ship is painted every five weeks. Cost: \$1,500.

The *Triberg* has a crew of thirty-eight including eleven deck hands who do jobs from swabbing decks to sewing sail (for hatch covers). Able seamen make \$170 a month. Bosun White gets \$180.



A MACLEAN'S MINIATURE

EVERY NIGHT AT SEVEN

The small-town movie house is a wonderful place where passing freights add to the realism of earthquake scenes and the line at the box office is the barometer of the town's prosperity

BY NORMAN CREIGHTON

IF YOU live in a little country town, as I do, you will understand how we feel about gangster pictures. We don't approve of them. We think they're a menace. Some of us even speak of a boycott. Yet we never miss one of them. We daren't. We have to go, otherwise the theatre would be out of business within a month.

You see, our town has a population of barely fourteen hundred; it's just big enough to support the one movie house, so a boycott is simply out of the question. If the movie ever closed down the town wouldn't seem the same at all. I don't know what we'd do without "the show" to go to.

I say movie house, but actually it shares the building with the Masonic and IOOF lodge rooms upstairs. No matinees, except on Saturday. But every night at seven, some of us are drawn irresistibly to the warm glow of the red-and-green neon sign. You can't miss it. It's in plain view of the Hantsport Post Office. So when you've discovered there are no letters on the evening train—well, you can always drown your disappointment by stepping over to the theatre and seeing what Humphrey Bogart is up to.

The prosperity of our theatre is a matter of lively concern to all of us. In its ups and downs we see the industrial life of our town reflected. When times are thriving you can count as many as two dozen cars parked outside. By five minutes to seven there's a regular queue waiting at the box office. And no one is the least bit impatient. Quite the contrary—we love to have to line up. It means the pulp mill is working full time. There's money to spend. Everyone is laughing and gay, standing there waiting to buy a ticket.

That's when business is booming. But it's not a full house every night, oh dear no! So many things affect our theatre. Like—well, take the weather now. The effect of dry sunny weather can be almost calamitous.

Last spring, for example, we had a long spell of drought. The lakes went down. Hydro plants were unable to turn out enough power and consequently the pulp mill could operate only part time. So a big feature production like Ray Milland in *So Evil My Love* met stiff competition in the counter-attraction *So Large My Grocery Bill*. Even Judy Garland is spurned for half a pound of T-bone steak. And all this because of the weather.

In the evenings you'd see our theatre manager standing under the neon sign, anxiously scanning the sky for thunder clouds. And inside, the regular patrons whispered nervously among themselves: "Doesn't look like he'll have a paying house tonight" . . . "Think there'll be any for the second show?" . . . "Might be if the Town Council gets out early."

I can tell you it was a pretty anxious time for all of us. In two weeks we were due to have a picture starring Rita Hayworth, but would the theatre still be open by then? The skies continued sunny, and the outlook dark. And then, finally, the heavens opened and almost drowned out our first of July celebration, with the



street parade, and everyone was jubilant. We got to see Rita Hayworth after all.

If a man knows how to manage a small-town movie he's solved about all the problems in the entertainment world. Look at what he's up against. In the wintertime, hockey. On the night when our Intermediate team plays Kentville you have to show a "revealing" picture like *Mom and Dad*, otherwise there wouldn't be a teen-ager left in town. As for the springtime—well, my home happens to be in the Annapolis Valley and Hollywood has yet to produce a film to compare with our Apple Blossom Festival. Then later on, during the summer, what with moonlight beach parties, and the Wednesday night band concert at the Community Fair Grounds (not to mention bingo and baseball) you can imagine what a skilful choice of pictures it takes to keep anyone in the theatre.

And in the autumn, when the ladies of the Anglican Sanctuary Guild announce a special supper of hot mulligatawny stew, to be served at eight o'clock in the evening—well, you've got to bring up your big guns for a thing like that. Something like Jane Russell in *The Outlaw*.

The other day I was in Halifax and, having some time to kill, I took in a movie. It was at a brand-new picture house, supposed to be the last word in acoustics. I was never so disappointed in all my born days. They'd gone to work and soundproofed the place. All you heard was what was on the screen. A small-town movie wouldn't make a mistake like that.

Hantsport Gives Hollywood a Hand

Suppose Bing Crosby is just starting to sing *I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas* when all of a sudden the fire siren over at the Hantsport Town Hall begins on its long shrieking crescendo of alarm. Does anyone feel annoyed? Certainly not. If there's a fire in town we want to know about it. All over the darkened hall men are getting up and groping their way out to the lobby, members of the Voluntary Fire Brigade. In a few minutes you hear the hose-truck backing out of the Fire Hall, and its siren wails off in the direction of Main Street, and we know our town is safe.

Soundproofing! Who ever heard of such an idea! Why in the summertime all the doors are left open for ventilation. The blue curtains under the red exit lights sway in the draught of a warm August evening, and you catch the voices and laughter of young people passing by on the sidewalk.

I wonder if you saw the movie version of *Green Dolphin Street*? You did? Oh but perhaps you went to one of those million-dollar palaces. What a pity! Remember the earthquake? It was one of the finest things Hollywood ever did. Only in our town Hollywood didn't do it—not the best part of it anyway. We added the final touch of realism ourselves.

Continued on page 43

Kodak
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Springtime and a very special girl
 ...they spell camera time

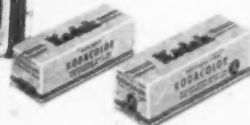
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They Say You Taste Like Pork

By GRATTAN GRAY

CARTOON BY LYLE GLOVER

IN THE cultured decade of mid-20th-century civilization just ended, the world probably witnessed more cannibalism than in the previous 100 years. And the cannibals? Not many were spear-brandishing blacks in the rain forests of Africa. Most were civilized persons who differed from the average Vancouverite or Haligonian in only one respect—they were really hungry.

They were the poor of Berlin who didn't have connections to get black-market meat and potatoes, Jews of Warsaw and Prague who were transformed into clawing animals in the Nazi hell-camps of Belsen and Dachau, and the Japanese of Mindanao, New Guinea, and Guam who turned cannibal when cut off from their supply bases.

The thought of eating human flesh sends a shudder up the collective spine of the civilized world, but the stark fact remains that man never quite forgets the edibility of his brother.

A German was convicted within the past two years of murdering two boys and serving up the flesh to his family. They thought it was pork. Another German was executed for killing and eating his sister. Five years ago a starving Eskimo mother remained alive in a blizzard-isolated igloo by eating her husband and two children. After V-J-Day, Japanese hiding in the jungle of the Philippines lived mainly on the flesh of Filipinos. Early in the last war a missionary came out of the

Australian desert with grisly tales of tribes there still practicing cannibalism. And reports persist that in the jungles of New Guinea, Malaya, South America and Central Africa tribes still go to war to get human flesh for their baking pits.

That corny cartoon about the popeyed missionary sitting in the iron pot is no longer a joke—it's too much like something out of the news reels.

Gnawed human bones found in garbage heaps of prehistoric cave dwellings leave little doubt that our earliest ancestors were occasional cannibals. And down the years cannibalism has been practiced at one time or another in every corner of the globe so that today practically every country, Canada included, has a few well-picked skeletons in its closet. But in modern times the cannibalism story has never plumbed the depths of sordidness it has in the last decade.

In 1946 German police announced that anyone who bought pork on the black market couldn't be sure he was buying pork or human flesh. Officials uncovered evidence in Berlin that two women had been murdered and the flesh sold on the black market. Police said gangs of human butchers were operating in the famine-ridden city and the two proven cases were a clue to the fate of scores of others listed merely as missing.

In concentration camps, where the Nazis imprisoned millions of Jews and political dissenters,

these wretched innocent victims regained strength again and again by pouncing like wolves on corpses of their own dead.

Joseph Bauer, a naturalized Canadian of German birth, returned to Vancouver after the war with a story as grisly as anything World War II produced. He visited Germany in 1939, was trapped by the war, branded as a traitor and jailed. In 1944 he was moved to Dachau. For a long time there was little food, then executions began in the gas chambers. Immediately sausages became plentiful and were served every meal. Says Bauer: "I found out what it was—human flesh."

But Germany's cannibalism was amateur league compared with Japanese cannibalism in the Pacific. War atrocity trials revealed evidence of well-fed Jap officers banqueting on human flesh and livers boiled in soya sauce, solely because, as one admitted bluntly, "human flesh is delicious."

On Dec. 10, 1944, Japanese 18th Army Headquarters issued an order approving cannibalism so long as Allied dead were eaten. Eating Japanese dead was labeled "the worst possible crime against humanity" and violators were ordered put to death. But some Japs ate both comrade and foe. Four were executed just five days after the order for eating their own dead.

In April 1946 a U. S. chaplain reported that 400 to 1,000 Japs hiding

Continued on page 54

Jokes about missionaries bubbling merrily in pots have been drawing laughs for years, but what is not so funny is the fact that the last ten years have been easily the worst in the recent history of cannibalism



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IN THE *Editors'* CONFIDENCE



McKenzie Porter. He was Quixote.

MCKENZIE PORTER, who wrote the article on Fred White (The Toughest Man Afloat, page 22), was a free-lance contributor to Maclean's which has published forty of his pieces. Since then Porter has come to our staff as fiction editor, replacing W. O. Mitchell, who has returned to High River to finish a novel and write radio scripts.

Porter, before emigrating to Canada in 1948, worked for the Kemsley group of newspapers and others on Fleet Street in England and abroad, with time out as an infantry officer in the Italian campaign of the last war.

His companion on the trip to Europe in the freighter Triberg was Gilbert A. Milne, a Toronto photographer, who made a lot of

Montreal and London. On this trip, however, the Triberg was destined for Antwerp first.

This detour threatened to upset a schedule which called for Porter and Milne to be in London for business appointments the day after the ship docked at Antwerp. They could make it but only by flying the Channel the night they docked, and they had no transit visas, and by the time the ship had tied up the immigration offices were closed.

Captain A. M. Sutherland of the Triberg came to the help of his two passengers, known to the officers as Don Quixote and Sancho Panza (Porter was Quixote), by inviting a Belgian immigration officer aboard for a visit. Chatting in the captain's cabin Milne expressed great admiration for the official's shakolike cap.

The immigration officer, deeply touched by the hospitality and visibly moved by Milne's gracious if slightly oblique compliment to all Belgians, sent ashore for another cap which he presented to the photographer. Not only that, he dashed off a couple of visas.

Porter and Milne raced downtown by car and caught a train to Brussels and a plane to London, clutching their visas and the cap.

• The Thurber piece on page 48, Penicillin for Sweet Molly, is new on this continent. It was written for the Bermudian, of Hamilton, whose editor gave us permission to use it.

THE COVER



Gilbert Milne: They called him Sancho.



THE scene of Franklin Arbuckle's cover is, of course, the Inner Harbor across from the Empress Hotel in Victoria. The honeymooners didn't hear the artist when he asked their names but he did get the names of some of the other characters in the picture.

The bluebirds are mountain bluebirds, male and female, and the dark butterflies have been identified as West Coast Lady, and presumably Gentleman.

pictures for the Canadian Navy and quite a name for himself a few years ago. He took the photographs which illustrate this article.

The voyage of the Triberg was an unusual one since the ship usually sails between Halifax or

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Maclean's MOVIES

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BORN YESTERDAY: An amusing and sometimes thoughtful comedy about a dumb blonde (Judy Holliday) who gradually realizes her sugar-daddy is an enemy of democracy. This sinister fellow is well played by Broderick Crawford. A horn-rimmed new man (William Holden) rounds out the lively trio.

THE CLOUDED YELLOW: The title, taken from the name of a rare butterfly, is hardly a stimulating one, but don't let it fool you — this is a good solid suspense thriller in the best British tradition. The excellent cast includes Jean Simmons as a lady in dire distress, and Trevor Howard, who risks everything to save her.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC: José Ferrer's Oscar-winning portrayal of the carrot-nosed poet-swordsman is a fascinating exercise in sheer histrionic sorcery. However, the basic hollowness of Rostand's fable is still apparent in Carl Foreman's screen play, and nobody else in the cast comes even close to Ferrer. The result is like watching a big-league shortstop playing brilliant ball for a team of sandlotters.

THE MAGNIFICENT YANKEE: An affectionate but quite superficial biography of the late Oliver Wendell Holmes, starring Louis Calhern. A lot of the most interesting events take place

off screen instead of being shown. Ann Harding, as Mrs. Holmes, is highly satisfactory.

OF MEN AND MUSIC: A screen concert in four episodes, without plot, love interest, or interruptions in the music. The featured artists are pianist Artur Schnabel, violinist Jascha Heifetz, tenor Jan Peerce, soprano Nadine Conner, and Dmitri Mitropoulos conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York. A good item for concert fans, although some of the music is fairly hackneyed and the camera work not as mobile and imaginative as one could wish.

PAYMENT ON DEMAND: Bette Davis, in her first picture since *All About Eve*, returns to her earlier and less cherishable stereotype as a heavy-lidded hellcat in this slick, empty melodrama about the collapse of a marriage. Barry Sullivan is her unhappy spouse.

ROYAL WEDDING: A pleasant musical about a brother and sister team of hoofers (Fred Astaire and Jane Powell). They invade London and are smitten by simultaneous cupids while Philip and Elizabeth are uttering connubial vows. Astaire's dancing is airy as ever whether on the floor or — via filmic trickery — on the walls and ceiling of an enchanted technicolored state-room.

GILMOUR RATES

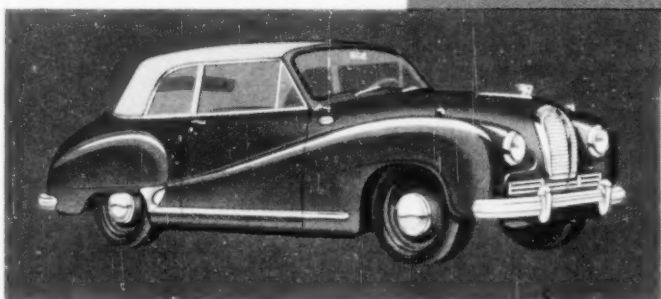
- | | |
|---|---|
| Admiral Was a Lady: Comedy. Poor. | Let's Dance: Musical. Good. |
| All About Eve: Satiric comedy. Tops. | Macbeth: Shakespeare drama. Fair. |
| Annie Get Your Gun: Musical. Good. | Mad Wednesday: Comedy. Good. |
| Asphalt Jungle: Crime. Excellent. | Mating Season: Comedy. Good. |
| At War With the Army: Farce. Poor. | The Men: Hospital drama. Excellent. |
| Beaver Valley: Wildlife short. Tops. | The Milkman: Durante farce. Good. |
| Between Midnight & Dawn: Crime. Fair. | Miniver Story: Domestic drama. Poor. |
| Bird of Paradise: Tropical love. Fair. | Mister 880: Comedy. Excellent. |
| Blue Lamp: Police thriller. Good. | Molly: Bronx comedy. Fair. |
| Bonnie Prince Charlie: Drama. Fair. | Mourning Becomes Electra (revised and re-issued): Family tragedy. Poor. |
| Branded: "Big" western. Poor. | Mr. Music: Crosby musical. Fair. |
| Breaking Point: Melodrama. Good. | Mr. Universe: Wrestling farce. Poor. |
| Broken Arrow: Western. Good. | Mrs. O'Malley and Mr. Malone: Radio jackpot farce. Fair. |
| Cage of Gold: Melodrama. Poor. | The Mudlark: Comedy, drama. Good. |
| Call Me Mister: Comic musical. Fair. | Mystery Street: Crime. Excellent. |
| Cinderella: Disney fantasy. Excellent. | Next Voice You Hear: Drama. Fair. |
| City Lights (re-issue): Comedy. Tops. | Never a Dull Moment: Farce. Poor. |
| Convicted: Prison drama. Good. | No Way Out: Racial drama. Good. |
| Crisis: Tropical suspense. Good. | Odette: Espionage drama. Fair. |
| Dallas: Gary Cooper western. Fair. | Operation Pacific: Undersea war. Fair. |
| Dark City: Crime, suspense. Fair. | Pagan Love Song: Swim-musical. Fair. |
| Double Crossbones: Comedy. Fair. | Panic in the Streets: Crime. Excellent. |
| The Enforcer: Crime drama. Good. | Petty Girl: Comedy and music. Good. |
| Fancy Pants: Bob Hope farce. Good. | Prelude to Fame: Music drama. Good. |
| Father of the Bride: Comedy. Good. | Redhead and Cowboy: Western. Poor. |
| Faust and the Devil: Semi-opera. Good. | Rio Grande: "Big" western. Fair. |
| Fuller Brush Girl: Comedy. Fair. | Rocky Mountain: Western. Fair. |
| Glass Menagerie: Family drama. Fair. | September Affair: Romance. Fair. |
| Grounds for Marriage: Musical. Fair. | State Secret (also called The Great Manhunt): Suspense. Good. |
| Halls of Montezuma: War. Good. | Steel Helmet: Korean war. Good. |
| Happiest Days of Your Life: Old-school-lie comedy. Excellent. | Storm Warning: Mob drama. Good. |
| Harriet Craig: Comedy-drama. Fair. | Summer Stock: Musical. Good. |
| Harvey: Fantastic comedy. Good. | Sunset Boulevard: Drama. Tops. |
| Hunt the Man Down: Whodunit. Fair. | 13th Letter: Quebec drama. Good. |
| I'd Climb the Highest Mountain: Rural parson drama. Fair. | Three Husbands: Marital farce. Poor. |
| I'll Get By: Musical farce. Fair. | Three Secrets: Drama. Fair. |
| The Jackpot: Comedy. Good. | Tight Little Island: Comedy. Tops. |
| Kim: Kipling adventure. Good. | Toast of New Orleans: Musical. Poor. |
| King Solomon's Mines: Jungle epic plus romance. Tops. | To Please a Lady: Love, action. Fair. |
| Last Days of Dolwyn: Drama. Good. | Trio: 3 comedy-dramas. Excellent. |
| Last Holiday: Tragi-comedy. Good. | Two Flags West: Western. Good. |
| The Lawless: Suspense drama. Good. | Two Weeks With Love: Musical. Fair. |
| | Vengeance Valley: Western. Good. |

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The Fight to Keep the Wilderness Wild

Continued from page 13

be set aside as an internationally controlled forest for the recreation of future Canadians and Americans. The idea quickly won support in both countries.

In 1929 the Canadian Legion suggested it be a monument to Canadians and Americans who fought in World War I. The American Legion immediately endorsed the plan. Awaiting government sanction that would make it a reality, it became named the International Peace Memorial Forest.

Lumber and pulp magnates and resort owners could see no sense to padlocking the area as permanent wilderness—"Just because," as Backus put it, "a lot of wiry young bucks like to get in there and paddle canoes." They fought the proposal. It became a political football. But the U. S. Forest Service and the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests agreed tentatively to keep resorts and roads out and restrict logging. But none of the governments involved would commit itself to a permanent policy.

Then, before the war, President Franklin D. Roosevelt appointed the Quetico-Superior Committee to work with government agencies toward realization of the old international forest ideal. And, at the end of the war, a Canadian Quetico-Superior Committee was organized to promote the international wilderness idea here (among its members: Leonard W. Brockington, Gen. H. D. G. Crerar, Prof. J. R. Dymond, B. K. Sandwell, Maj. Clifford Sifton, E. P. Taylor).

In 1944 the Ontario and Minnesota Regions again endorsed the peace forest plan, in the names of veterans of the two wars. In 1948 the national convention of the American Legion passed a resolution urging that the present temporary policy be made permanent through an international treaty. That year the Canadian and U. S. Quetico-Superior Committees drafted a proposed treaty which has been approved by the U. S. State Department. Copies were requested and obtained by Canada's Department of External Affairs and Ontario's Department of Lands and Forests, but neither federal nor provincial government has yet said definitely what it thinks of the idea.

We Were Foreigners in Canada

Meanwhile the wilderness status of the area, particularly in Quetico, the Canadian half, hangs by a thread.

The treaty, its supporters say, would not bottle up the area's natural resources. It would merely require that the resources be used under a plan which would preserve recreational values. Logging, for instance, would not be allowed along waterways where it would be an eyesore to canoeists seeking wilderness terrain, but logging could still go on in vast sections away from canoe routes.

From municipal officials in north-western Ontario I have heard complaints that Americans are getting too much free use of Quetico Park now; an international agreement, they fear, might open it even more to Americans. There are roads and a dozen outfitting points in Minnesota within a few hours' canoe paddle of Quetico's southern border. Canadians, on the other hand, can now reach the park only by a rail line which skirts its northern edge. Only three Canadian outfitters derive revenue by renting canoes and camping equipment for use in the park.

District Forester George Delahey at Fort Frances told me that about six thousand campers per summer get travel permits to enter Quetico, that ninety-five per cent of these are Americans who spend all their outfitting costs in Minnesota, then cross the border and spend two weeks in Quetico. For which Canada receives a \$5.50 fishing license fee from each.

Last summer I traveled in Quetico with three other Canadians, Dr. Carl Atwood, of the University of Toronto, John Mitchele, secretary of Toronto Anglers' and Hunters' Association, and Peter Fessenden, ardent Toronto angler. When our guide introduced us to passing canoe parties as Canadians, invariably eyebrows were raised. We were Canadians on Canadian soil, yet in Quetico we were the foreigners.

The Quetico-Superior country, roughly comprising the Rainy River watershed, is by nature and geography a unit. The international boundary which cuts it in half is a political accident. Yet, if either side lets its wilderness area go, the recreational value of the other remaining wilderness would be seriously affected. For this reason the treaty, approved now in the U. S. and awaiting either rejection or approval from Canada, asks each country to guarantee the preservation of its half for the benefit of the other. Each country would still be boss in its own half; the treaty would merely be a bulwark for all time against those who would sacrifice one of the last fragments of primitive North America for dollars.

No-Man Was The Fourth

The wilderness lovers, when they defend their case, are at a disadvantage. Lumbermen and tourist promoters can talk a language of dollars and cents. We can talk only of intangible things, of ancient pines which saw the first explorers pass, of portage trails where I have thrilled at the thought that my feet are scuffing the same rocks scuffed by the moccasins of fur-trade *voyageurs* 200 years ago. For these borderland lakes and rivers were the highway down which came the first wealth of the continent to the fur markets of the east. Here, unchanged, are portages trod by explorers La Verendrye, Alexander Henry, Alexander Mackenzie, America's pathfinders. Here on rock cliffs I have seen ancient Indian paintings—no one knows how old—and a power dam or two could submerge them all. To the modern canoeist paddling and portaging these same trails, living the strenuous life of the *voyageur* again, comes a thrill that money cannot measure.

Geologically, this land is the ridge pole of the continent. Its Precambrian rock, worn smooth by ice-age glaciers, cracked by frosts of a million winters, are the oldest things on earth man's eyes can look upon. The last glacier receded, leaving it so gouged and wrinkled that at least forty per cent of its surface is covered by lakes and connecting streams. There are heights of land here where a camper throwing out his dishwater might see it trickle off in three directions—one stream heading for the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico, another for Hudson Bay and the Arctic, the third for Lake Superior and the Atlantic. I heard one guide boast he could stand in one spot and spit into the Caribbean, the Arctic and Atlantic.


This maze of waterways makes Quetico-Superior the canoeist's paradise. I paddled through it last summer for two weeks, averaging four or five portages a day, but not once did we portage farther than a mile before another lake or river appeared through

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the tangle of trees and rocks ahead.

Flying over Quetico in a government plane, Chief Ranger Bert Parker drew my attention to a chain of four lakes in the southeast corner. "They named the first two Thatman and Thisman Lakes," Parker said. "They came to the third one and named it Otherman Lake. The fourth one had them stumped. Finally they had to call it No-Man Lake." In Minnesota, map-makers showed more imagination: Flowing into Lake Superior is a Prohibition Creek—it's usually dry; and a Temperance River—the only one without a bar at its mouth.

The international boundary zigs and zags around so many islands and promontories that half the time no one is sure where it is supposed to be. One Minnesota lumber man paid taxes for twenty years—more than \$300,000—on a point of land along the border. Ontario officials discovered the area didn't belong to him or Minnesota either; it was Ontario crown land. He sued Minnesota to get his tax money back, couldn't collect because he had never disputed the state tax bills.

Waterways so twisted that even forest assessors get lost on their own maps mean only one thing, we wilderness lovers claim. This country was custom-built for canoes. It's not only the most beautiful canoe country left, it's practically the last. If the Quetico-Superior wilderness is lost it will not be possible to move northward and find another.

As our pancakes sizzled on the griddle one morning Sig Olson, Izaak Walton League forest ecologist, explained: "People think Canada still has plenty of untouched wilderness in the north. In a way, it has; but it is sub-arctic wilderness of endless muskeg and stunted trees. Quetico is big-timber country. This is the typical mid-continental wilderness, and there's precious little of it left."

No Dance Tunes for the Deer

Who are the wilderness lovers? I'll try to explain this way:

To many resort builders and industrialists it is a criminal waste to fence off forest land and keep all forms of mechanical travel out. "Only a handful of poets and naturalists who have gone off the deep end in their nature-loving will then make use of it," one argued. In answer, we say that more and more vacationers are growing sick of plush resorts with indoor plumbing and phony fireplaces. They are heading for wilderness solitudes where fish come big, where a man can experience the bracing lift that comes when one is thrown on one's own resources with only a canoe, a box of matches and a few packets of simple foods. Young Canada especially, we feel, is returning to the canoe.

Ontario's Lands and Forests Department now has 65 commercial youth camps registered. All of them sponsor canoe trips and teach canoeing as a main part of their woodcraft program. Appreciation of the outdoors is growing like a rolling snowball. Associations like the Federation of Ontario Naturalists and Ontario Federation of Anglers and Hunters have trebled their memberships in the years since the war.

Advocates of commercialization sometimes say they cannot understand why the canoeing fraternity gets so disturbed over the prospect of a few roads and tourist lodges. Put in roads and lodges, they suggest, let more people in—the country will still be as beautiful as ever. We agree the superficial beauty would remain, but that's all. Resorts would mean concentrations of fishermen, outboard motors, aircraft, a portable radio on every

beach where now only deer come down to drink. The fish would soon disappear—in iced cartons by air express. The moose, wolf and beaver would leave. Only the trees would remain—if the loggers could be kept out.

The canoeist, like the Indian before him, fishes only for his cooking fire. You don't carry boxes of ice across portages. The resort patron rarely sees more of a moose than its head and antlers on a lodge wall. The wilderness camper, slipping silently along by canoe, sometimes gets close enough to a browsing bull whose head is under water to give him a cordial whack on the rump with his sprucewood paddle. The tourist lodge roamer may have a bearskin rug beside his bed. The canoeist will hear bear grunting about his tent at night and he will remember with relief that he hung his food packs safe and high before he wormed into his sleeping bag. These things spell the difference between just another picturesque backwoods resort area and real wilderness.

Ever Been to Kahshahpiwi?

When you reach the end of the day's sixth or eighth portage with a pack so heavy you swear you must be leaving tracks an inch deep in the rocks behind, there is no kidding yourself that it isn't hard work. Yet with it, too, is a peculiar rest and peace. You have recaptured the joy of simple living. Suddenly a thing like the last egg you are saving for breakfast pancakes becomes more important than all the shoe polish and neckties in Canada.

Some people go to art galleries and symphonies to satisfy their cultural appetites. Others of us get the same thing by throwing our sleeping bags on the duff beneath the trees in some distant spot that man has left alone.

Far back in Quetico Park is a hidden emerald lake where the only sound is the slap of a beaver's tail and the whistle of circling osprey. Maps call it Lake Kahshahpiwi. There is a campsite there, roofed by plumelike branches of red pines which were already sturdy trees 200 years ago when red-toque *coureur de bois* paddled past. On a log table stands a coffee tin containing ten notes left there during the past three years by passing campers. The notes are all practically the same—tributes to the campsite's beauty, please that it be left clean for campers who follow. They indicate that probably fewer than fifty persons have looked upon Lake Kahshahpiwi in the last three years.

Should we push a road through and put half a dozen lodges on Lake Kahshahpiwi so that more people can make use of it, as we have done with thousands of other wilderness lakes that are wilderness lakes no longer?

Gus Walski, a Quetico bush guide, isn't often articulate but sometimes when he talks of canoe trails, camps and fishing his backwoods philosophy sprouts a sound idea. Says Gus: "If they do that to Lake Kahshahpiwi we should make 'em burn down all the art galleries and put dance halls in their place. I ask you now—ain't it just the same?" ★

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Milk Run to Korea

Continued from page 21

with about six tons of tires, machinery, generators and spare parts destined for vehicles bogged in Korean mud, climbed to 8,000 feet and headed north over the clouds.

For nine monotonous hours we flew north and west with only the sea showing grey and choppy through the ragged clouds. Occasionally the far-off vapor trail of another aircraft, a chalk scrawl in the blue, served to emphasize the loneliness of the empty world of sky around us.

The crew worked at its various tasks. Bud Austin, the navigator, did things with a slide rule. Cpl. Heddie, the air traffic assistant, served bacon, eggs and beans on pink Russell Wright plates. Presently Jack Henry, the co-pilot, pulled a copy of *The Naked and the Dead* from his jacket, climbed out of his seat and stretched out on a bunk in the cabin behind. Gus Fielman tapped away on his telegraph key, sending regular weather reports back to McChord. Fielman is a farm boy from Rosenfeld, Manitoba. "I saw a sign saying 'Join the Navy and See the World,'" he told me. "So I joined the air force and here I am."

Just before dusk a long horny spine of mountains crept out of the horizon, trailing off into the sea under the flat tiers of sheepskin clouds. It was Alaska.

"There are volcanoes down there," Broadfoot said, pointing. "There's one that has no crater at all—just holes in the side with the stuff pouring out in different places."

An hour later we were over Anchorage, with dusk falling and the red neon lung of the main street blinking at us out of the haze.

"What a town!" Broadfoot said. "No matter where you stand on that main street you're always standing in front of a bar."

He brought the plane quietly down on the landing strip of Elmendorf airport. In the snack bar the crew wolfed minced steak and coffee, then went into the weather office to get a forecast for the next leg. There on the big wall map of the Aleutians you could see our objective: Shemya, a tiny dot at the very tip of the long chain of volcanic islands that swings for a thousand miles out into the North Pacific like a long curved finger beckoning at Asia.

"See that big island next door to Shemya?" Broadfoot said. "That's Attu—the last of the Aleutians the Japs had during the war. There's still a small detachment of Yanks there. I hear they had a hundred-knot gale—blew all the buildings down last month."

"Awhile back one of these islands blew right up. You see this Great Sitkin volcano near Adak? We pass right close to it. They expect it to blow up, too, in about five years. They keep going up and measuring it with instruments."

The quick northern night had fallen by the time we taxied out onto the runway and headed west along the Aleutian chain for Shemya. We expected to get in about 3.30 a.m. I dozed off and woke about 3.15 to hear Bud Austin say: "We can't get into Shemya. The winds are sixty-five knots on the ground. We're going into Adak instead."

Adak is the warmest of the Aleutian Islands—a U. S. Navy base that lies about two thirds of the way along the chain. In about two hours with the night below us, we were over the island and a voice in Broadfoot's earphones began to shepherd the big plane down

onto an unseen landing strip, using the Ground Control Approach system without which the Korean airlift would be a virtual impossibility.

GCA, which Bob Hope after an Aleutian tour claimed stood for "Greetings—Congratulations—Alive!" is a radar system by which men on the ground can talk an aircraft down under conditions which would otherwise make a landing impossible. Somewhere below us lay Adak, sheathed in clouds which masked the 4,000-foot mountains and rocky cliff approaches which hang over the narrow airstrip. And down there a man in a yellow truck was staring at the quivering white "blurp" made by the image of our plane on the gridded radar screen, and telling Broadfoot exactly what to do and when to do it.

His voice came over the pilot's earphones: "... maintain 180 degrees 7504. Coming in nicely now. You are ten feet below the glide path—bring her up a little. You are on the glide path. Turn left to 172 degrees. Left to 172. You are fifteen feet above the glide path. Twenty feet. Come down a little, 7504. Maintaining 172 nicely. Twenty-five feet above the glide path now. Bring her down. Twenty feet ... fifteen feet ... ten. You are on the glide path one half mile from the airstrip and coming in nicely ..."

Winds That Never Die

Ahead and directly below, two parallel chains of lights loomed suddenly, framed on either side by the black bulks of Adak's cliffs. A moment later we had landed. It was 5 a.m. Aleutian time, 8 a.m. McChord time.

"Twenty-five hours," said Broadfoot, who had been on the go steadily since 7 a.m. "Not a bad day's work."

On the airstrip the unending Aleutian winds were howling. The temperature stood at one degree below freezing. In the grey light of dawn Adak looked like a lost land, its low black headlands unbroken by any tree or bush, its only vegetation a coarse brown grass ceaselessly blown flat by winds that never die. Far inland a chain of snow-tipped mountains rose out of the bald hills.

We threw our gear onto a truck and drove five miles through the rolling land to our billets. On the way we suddenly passed through an oasis of civilization: huge brick-and-concrete barrack blocks and mess halls (paneled and tiled within); flat asphalt roads with concrete sidewalks and wrought-iron lamp standards; a church and a movie house, and all the paraphernalia of civilization—every blessed board and brick and bolt of it freighted in by sea and air.

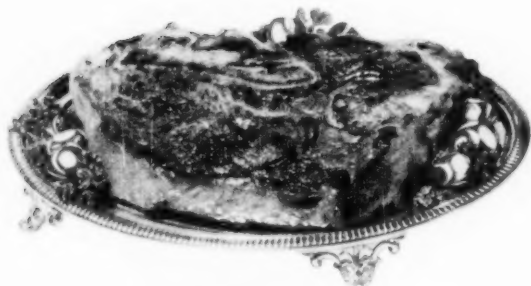
Broadfoot and his crew slept twelve hours while the winds of Adak whined around the Nissen hut, rattling the shutters and shaking the windows and straining at the walls. By 5 p.m. Weather reported the winds dying down at Shemya. We took off at 7 as dusk was falling, and a little more than three hours later we reached the tip of the Aleutian chain.

If any place merits the designation, "end of the earth," it is this tiny island of Shemya, a pinprick on the map, a piece of volcanic rock erupting from the cold northern ocean, treeless and cheerless as the grave and chill with clinging mist and sifting snows.

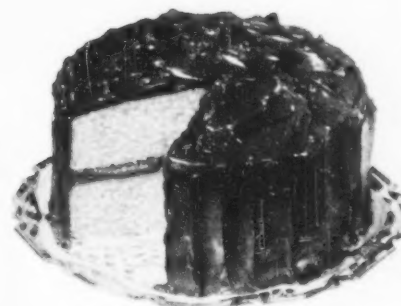
We hit the tarmac with a forty-knot crosswind which threatened to blow us off the runway. Down at the other end lay the smashed wreckage of a four-engine B-17, blown right over the bank by a similar crosswind. Even as we landed a sudden blizzard sprang up, obliterating everything.

Continued on page 39

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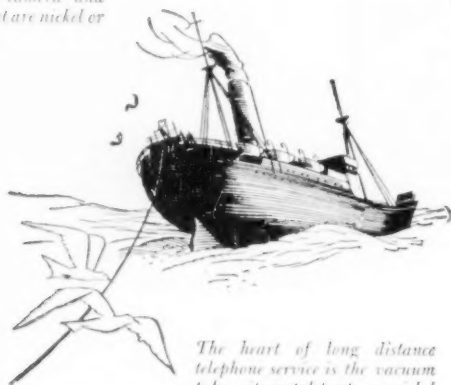
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THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, 25 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

Continued from page 36

"Just think," said Bud Austin as he climbed down, "if we hadn't joined the air force we'd have missed all this."

F/O Jack Egan, commanding the sixteen-man RCAF detachment on the station, came out of the swirling snow with a parka tight around him.

"Welcome," he said, "to Shemya-By-The-Sea."

"Hey Jack," someone shouted. "How'd you get this job?"

"Darned if I know. Just lucky, I guess."

Egan was here for the regular RCAF six-week tour of duty. The Americans, who are here by the hundreds, often stay longer. Some have spent eighteen months in Shemya. Some even volunteer for duty here because it is not difficult to save money. There is a saying that there is a woman behind every tree on the island. But there aren't any trees.

Almost everybody lives in an incredible labyrinth of a building which is actually a series of huts all joined together under a single roof, dug deep into the ground and banked with earth as protection against the hundred-knot gusts which sweep the island. This building, which has all the twists and turns of the Pentagon, also has hallways that run for a thousand feet without a corner. Under this one roof is everything an airman needs: billets, Post Exchange, movie theatre, post office, mess hall, hospital. It's said that some men have never been outside in all their time on the island.

There isn't much to do outside—as we found in our thirty-six hours on the island. Within ten minutes I saw the weather change from brilliant sunshine to blinding blizzard to gale, to sun again and then to hailstorm.

A wartime base, Shemya was doomed to destruction and abandonment, but the Korean Airlift gave it a reprieve. The island is five miles long and two miles wide but there are fifty-nine miles of asphalt roads. It is jammed with Nissen huts, hangars, dumps and installations, most of them in an advanced state of wreckage, for the whole island was in the process of being put to the torch when the reprieve came. This carnage adds to the sense of desolation and decadence which, along with the creeping fog, hangs over the island like a pall.

Alas, Someone Swiped Yorick

There is nothing much to do in Shemya except sleep, talk and read. Broadfoot and his crew sat on their bunks and talked mainly of how much better it was going to be on the southern leg of the journey. The first stop out of Japan is Wake Island, where the crews rest for forty-eight hours, swim in the warm green ocean or drink at a bar called The Drifter's Reef.

Wake is sort of a rich man's Shemya and is known around the RCAF for its rats, its skulls and its high prices. The prices are high because Wake is a non-military establishment run by a civilian airline. Airmen who get an allowance of \$9.50 a day while traveling the airlift pay upward of \$10 a night at Wake. The rats were brought by the Japs, who also left the skulls. GIs have been known to dig up skulls and prospect them for the gold in the teeth.

"Used to be one of the darn things by the name of Yorick hanging over the transient quarters," Broadfoot told me. "Some guy swiped it."

The load back on the southern trip usually consists of about thirty air evacuees from the Korean war. The RCAF carries more wounded than U. S. planes because the North Star is

faster than the DC-4s and cuts two or three hours off the Pacific trip.

"Last trip we had a flock of those guys with body casts right up to their necks," Bud Austin told me. "Those guys were really high."

The aircraft go right through, stopping only to refuel, but the crews have to rest forty-eight hours at Wake and Hawaii, so that as one crew arrives with a plane the rested crew boards it and flies on. Thus a crew takes about eleven days to complete the circuit but an aircraft is back at McChord base in about eighty hours.

At two o'clock Thursday morning a new crew came into Shemya and Broadfoot and his crew rolled out of bed and prepared for the next leg of the journey, to Tokyo.

"How's that aircraft?" Broadfoot asked the incoming captain.

"George isn't working—so the pilot's got to work this trip."

"I guess George is tired."

"Everybody's got to get tired once in awhile."

George is the automatic pilot. The crew hopped down to the Weather Office where on the weather maps the whole Aleutian route lay garlanded with isobars curling like snakes around the islands, showing the high- and low-pressure areas, the wind speeds, cloud formations, the cold fronts marked in blue and the warm fronts marked in red.

"Head winds all the way," said Broadfoot, squinting at the map. "It's going to be a long slow trip. Eleven and a half hours anyway."

Sixty Miles From the Curtain

With the wind still whipping across the runway we took off into the grey Aleutian fog, climbed to 8,000 feet into the pink of the early morning and, with the sun just touching the soft grey ocean of clouds, headed southwest to Japan.

Just out of Shemya we crossed the International Date Line and it was tomorrow. Broadfoot told me that in the early days of the airlift the planes used to fly the northern route coming and going and it was just about at the Date Line that they passed.

"The guys from Japan would always tell us what tomorrow was going to be like," Broadfoot said. "They knew all about it because they'd just been in it."

At 11 a.m. a lone voice crackled out of nowhere on the radio. Below us somewhere under the clouds was United Nations weather ship Sugar, wheeling in a small unending circle in the empty sea. The voice from the weather ship gave Broadfoot his position by radar and a complete weather summary and forecast.

Another voice came out of nowhere: Northwest Airlines No. 404 heading for the Aleutians from Japan.

"Which way you heading?" the voice asked us.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

The scamp who became the great physician

The story of Sir William Osler

IN MACLEAN'S JUNE 1
ON SALE MAY 25

"West."

"You're goin' to have a *slo-ow* trip."

"What are the winds there?"

"Sixty-eight knots at 250."

"That's just ten degrees off our nose," Broadfoot said to me. "Slow is right."

He wiggled the radio dial and a throaty Russian voice came in on the earphones.

"We're only sixty miles off the Russian coast," Broadfoot said. "That's probably old Joe himself."

The voice stopped and a string quartet began to play something that sounded as if it might be Shostakovich. Broadfoot told me that for awhile the Russians were beaming 500 voice choirs over the GCA frequencies, apparently trying to jam air radios.

The Kurile Islands were just over the horizon to our right.

Brahms With Bumps and Grinds

"Some of the boys have got off their course and flown over them," Broadfoot said. "Nobody's too fussy about doing that."

He wiggled the dial some more and a girls' choir came on singing Beautiful Dreamer in Japanese. That was Radio Tokyo.

Broadfoot went back and lay down on the bunk and Jack Henry flew the plane. Ahead of us loomed a long straight line of cumulus clouds.

"There's that cold front we saw on the weather map," Henry said.

I remembered the blue line just off the Japanese coast. The plane hit the front a few minutes later and began to bump and toss in the turbulent air. The thermometer dropped five degrees. Then we were out of it again. The clouds parted and down below us lay the wrinkled old hills and tinted mountains of Japan.

We flew south along the sea coast of this neat brown land, with its brown mountains and brown hills, its olive brown rivers and tan-colored cities and cocoa-brown forests—all roasting to a turn in the hot noon sunlight.

By 2 p.m. Tokyo and Yokohama sprawled out before us in the haze and a few minutes later we were skipping across the tarmac of Haneda airport in the ruined shadow of a blasted Zero factory.

The crew lost no time checking into the Marunouchi Hotel, which is run for Commonwealth troops by the Australians.

In the grillroom that night they ordered two-and-a-half-pound steaks, buttered toast and Burgundy. They went to the Piccadilly burlesque house and watched some comely Japanese girls with very little on dance about to Brahms' Lullaby and other strains.

The next day they shopped in the great Ginza market where you can buy Japanese imitations of Parker '51 pens and Ronson lighters for a song. Bud Austin got some silk for his girl friend and Jack Henry some satin brocade for his wife. Gus Fielman got some flash bulbs so he could take color pictures from the Piccadilly's front row.

In the afternoon they walked through Frank Lloyd Wright's famous Imperial Hotel and in the outer gardens of the Emperor's palace and through the huge Tokyo Post Exchange, which is as big as Eaton's College Street store in Toronto. Then they went back to the hotel and ordered everything on the dinner menu, including all three desserts.

And the next day, which was Sunday, they were off again on the southern leg of the long milk run, out over the same Pacific Ocean which once took Magellan the better part of a year to cross. ★

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Barrymore

A **Barrymore** CARPET

TORONTO CARPET MANUFACTURING CO. LIMITED

London Letter

Continued from page 4

gamble, and the expert eyes of other girls and mothers watch her coming on as if she were going to be entered for a classic race. Her father gives her good advice and she listens to him with affectionate patience. Her accomplice is her mother for they belong to a union that knows its power.

It might surprise you that this is so even in England which is, next to Turkey, the most masculine country in the world. When a young English couple realize a baby is on its way they name him Edward, Eustace, Montmorcency and put him down for Eton. It is a terrible shock when the baby turns out to be a girl. And if there is such a thing as pre-natal influence it cannot be good for a girl to have been called Edward for the gestation period.

If an average British couple knew that they could only have one child the choice would nearly always be for a boy. In America the girl would have an equal chance or even better. But that is how the world is made: France, America and Rumania are feminine countries; Britain, Turkey and Germany are masculine.

Mother Draws up the Plans

Among those in England who can afford it—and they are still a large number—there is only a short period of family life as you know it in Canada. Children are packed off to boarding schools when they are little more than toddlers. The boys are taught to hold a cricket bat almost before they can hold a pen. Girls are dressed in most unbecoming bloomers and black stockings and made to play hockey, not ice but field hockey. All this is to take their minds off the fact that they are girls, which may have something to be said for it.

The lower-income group are perhaps more fortunate since the sexes mingle at school, but in the upper ranges of society the monastic system is upheld as something inviolate.

We have no institution like the drug-store where adolescents can taste the first sweet pangs of love with a walnut sundae. And now that boys are conscripted into the forces at eighteen the monastic period is more pronounced than ever. Since for a man most of life's happiness and unhappiness comes from his relations with women it is perhaps unfortunate that the sexes are kept so long apart.

Which brings me back to the debutante. Her school days are over and it is unlikely that she will be going to college, unless she is planning a career. Therefore she must be put into circulation and her mother begins to draw up the plans. If her family is respectable there is no reason why she should not be presented at Court although the numbers are, of necessity, restricted. Then, if her parents can afford it, a coming-out party must be given for her. This excellent intention on her parents' part is published in the Tatler, whereupon she is very likely to be asked to every other party although she may not know or be known by any of the party-givers. This is not as odd or as unkind as it sounds. People who live in the country will often give their daughter's coming-out party in London because London is the centre of the marriage market as it is of almost everything else.

Unfortunately most of us are hard up these days, for the chancellor of the exchequer barely leaves us our eyes to weep with. However, there is a general custom called "dipping into your capital" which is much honored

in the observance on such occasions, and the parents wisely decide to look upon it as an investment.

Now may I state that giving a party in London is a complicated business. Champagne is the rule—and a rule that cannot be broken. If you give your party at a hotel it will cost three to five pounds a head. If you give it in your own home it is not much cheaper. I know because we are going to have a party! Yes, sir! But, like many others, we have entered into a friendly deal. Our party will be given by Vivien Leigh and my wife for their respective daughters Suzanne and Meribah, the expenses being shared.

Conferences go on downstairs with distinguished looking men about erecting a marquee in the garden, hiring a dance band and so on and so on. We have had other proposals from people willing to buy a share but sternly, if regretfully, we have refused. So far the invitation list has reached the total of 300 but that is just a start.

"You will find," said the elder statesman who is advising us, "that they will drink quite a lot of champagne at first but not so much later on. If they do then we shall find a way of making the champagne less easily available." I am beginning to understand now why no young man has ever got drunk at an English party, or hardly ever.

Then, of course, there is the Queen Charlotte Ball in which the parents of the debutantes take a table each and make up a party. I assure you that Charlotte will do well out of it. All this time photographers are calling up, consumed to do a portrait of your daughter. Why not?

Finally there is Royal Ascot, four days of glorious racing (weather permitting) when the King and Queen will drive each day up the course. Not having divorced or been divorced I can apply for a Royal Enclosure badge which will cost a trifling nineteen pounds, if His Majesty takes no exception to me as a guest. The ladies can come along for a mere three pounds each.

Not A Single Deb Tripped

I put up a reasonable resistance to all this at first because it all seemed somewhat at variance with the spirit of the times, but now I have completely changed. This is good for the morale. This is making contact with the lush years of the Victorian era. And, dash it all, a girl can be a debutante only once. My Air Force son thinks the same way. If he can get leave he will be at some of the parties where Meribah goes, and when I see them with the other young people I know that I shall wonder at their gaiety for we never know if what they are attending is not the Ball at Brussels. So on with the dance and a toast to youth! As for you, Gaitskill, my income tax may be a little late this year.

Bless my soul, I forgot all about the presentation at Court. It was a great affair with all us parents seated comfortably in the ball room, and the debutantes in a line like fillies in the paddock before the Oaks.

The King, the Queen and the Princesses were there, none of the debutantes tripped or fell down on the curtsy, the orchestra in the gallery played Offenbach, Sullivan and Strauss, the King bowed to each girl and the Queen smiled to each one with that genuine gentle interest that she feels towards each of God's creatures.

And all this because of a girl of eighteen! Gentlemen, you will agree that there really is something in this daughter business. ★

Little Plumbing Ideas

that pay big dividends!

A little thought and planning can often make a world of difference in bathroom convenience and efficiency. It's a good idea first to figure out your family's requirements—and thereby determine the facilities you need. In planning layouts, you must of course consider such factors as the location of door and windows, placing of the radiator—and the placing of the piping to assure rapid, efficient draining. So it's wise to consult your Architect or Plumbing and Heating Contractor early. They can show you how your fixtures can be arranged for maximum efficiency and minimum expense.

LAYOUTS—There are six basic bathroom plans. These are shown in the 48-page full-colour booklet "A Guide to Practical Planning of the Bathroom, Powder Room, Kitchen and Home Laundry". This also contains much helpful information on many other aspects of home plumbing. Another useful book you'll want is ADM-4607-A "How to Select the Right Heating System for Your Home". You can get copies from your Plumbing and Heating Contractor—from the Crane Branch nearest you—or by writing to Crane's General Office: 1170 Beaver Hall Square, Montreal.

SPOUT—One of the most ingenious of Crane fittings, which has been widely acclaimed, is the *Deviator Spout* for showers. It assures that there will be no surprise shower. When the water is turned on, it runs from the bathtub spout. Once the water is tempered, by hand or toe, to suit the bather, the little knob on the spout is raised and the water gushes from the shower head. Then when the water is shut off, the knob automatically drops back. Ask your Plumbing and Heating Contractor about this clever device. Ask him, too, about the now readily available *thermostatic valve*. It controls the temperature of the tub's water supply, is a valuable safeguard against scalding.

LIGHTING—Adequate lighting is important—shaving lights, make-up light, etc. Then you want, too, plenty of mirrors—on doors, in front of windows or in other convenient places.

STORAGE—If possible you'll want to keep a reserve supply of bathroom linens, soap, toilet paper, etc. right in the bathroom. You may be able to provide for a linen closet—behind a door (perhaps a sliding door) with a full-length mirror. There is often unused space beneath a window which can be boxed in for storage—or space at the end of the bathtub for a cabinet of drawers. Up high is a good place to store such items as hot water bottles which aren't used every day. The toilet tank provides a convenient shelf; all in the Crane line are designed to serve this purpose.

WARNING—Electric fixtures, pull chains, switches and appliance plugs should never be located where it is possible for anyone to reach them while standing in the bath. Your electrical contractor will advise you on this important precaution.

COLOUR—The opportunity to create desired colour effects in the bathroom is greater than ever today, since all Crane plumbing fixtures—bathtubs, wash basins and toilets—are now available in a range of charming colours and white. The general colour scheme is of course a matter of individual taste. If the room gets the dull north light, bright sunny colours are suggested. If it faces south, you'll probably prefer cool greens or blues.

ACCESSORIES—Attractive appearance can be enhanced by smart accessories that harmonize with modern fixtures and fittings. A complete line of lasting, gleaming soap containers, towel racks (you'll want plenty of them), grab rails, etc. is available in Gerity-ware, designed in "Lifetime Chrome".

CARE—We cannot too often repeat to home owners, that when "doing over" kitchen or bathroom, a little care in covering fixtures and tilework to protect them from paint will save much tiresome cleaning up afterwards. Don't allow anyone to use acids or scrapers on the surface of your vitreous china, porcelain enameled cast iron, or porcelain-on-steel plumbing fixtures.

Also—don't allow anyone who is doing the renovating to stand on the fixtures, or to place wash bucket, paint can or plastering tools on them. Serious damage can be done by their sharp edges and by grit embedded in the soles of shoes or exposed nails in the heels. On the other hand, reasonable care will insure that your plumbing fixtures will stay bright and gleaming as new indefinitely.



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They're built to last, to give years of dependable service. Their durable, glass-like surfaces and rounded edges are easy to clean and keep clean.

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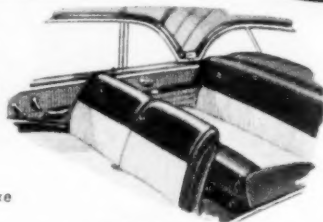


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"Bel Air" interiors are out of this world! There's genuine leather . . . unusually luxurious fabrics . . . smart gleaming metal ribs spanning the wide ceiling.



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It's a sensation — the most enthusiastically-received styling innovation in motor car history! And, of course, it was offered first in the low-price field by Chevrolet, with this gay and jaunty "Bel Air"!

Here's the high-spirited dash of convertible styling with brilliant colors *plus* the snug safety of an all-steel roof. It's finished with startling luxury and brings you all the big-car features and the economy, safety and long life that have made Chevrolet Canada's favorite motor car!



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AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION

Chevrolet offers a wide variety of models and styles for 1951.

A fully proved automatic transmission in the low-price field! Because Powerglide is a torque converter drive, you get continuous application of power through every speed — amazing smoothness! Optional at extra cost on Deluxe models.

Every Night at Seven

Continued from page 24

You recall how the earthquake started, with trees crashing to the ground, the earth cracking open, houses crumbling like matchwood. Well that's where we took over. For us alone the rumbling grew louder; then the floor began to shake. You see, our movie house is right alongside the railway track. For earthquake effects you can't beat a passing freight train. And some people believe in sound-proofing!

Have I seemed to be talking about pictures you saw several years ago? Well naturally. Those are the only kind we bother with: productions which have stood the test of time. Like old friends and old wine, a good film gathers flavor to itself with age. When Mr. Belvedere begins his baby-sitting on our screen we seem to catch the echo of a nation's laughter. We don't mind being three years late. He laughs best, you know, who laughs last.

All this encourages a more leisurely approach to the events of the day. In real life, current history moves with the speed of a rocket-ship; but, as it emerges from our projection room, time is mercifully delayed. One's lagging brain is given a chance to catch up with what's going on in the world. At the close of the war we saw Hitler marching into Paris. By 1948 we were storming the beaches at Midway and Guadalcanal. Only last winter we dropped the bomb on Hiroshima. From now on we can look forward to several years of peace.

Let's take our eyes off the picture for a minute and examine the audience—really far more interesting than anything on the screen.

The audience in our theatre can be divided into two groups: those who believe in sitting in the middle section and those who believe in sitting in the side sections, over next to the wall. Between these two schools of thought exists a real cleavage, far wider than the mere aisles of red carpet. Of course everyone is united in not wanting to sit in (or more precisely *on*) the hard wooden seats up front. These consti-

tute the first seven rows and are provided, I believe, as a sort of penance for anyone who arrives in late, after the good seats (the leather-cushioned ones) are all taken. I might say that these hard up-front seats have a special attraction for the youngsters, for some unaccountable reason known only to a kindly providence. The young fry scarcely ever bother to occupy any of the "good" seats but prefer the front row where they can aim their pea-shooters directly at those close-ups of Dorothy Lamour.

But to get back to the "good" seats. These are covered in brown leather, and the padding is so full and luxurious that when you sit down there is a squishing sound. Why there are side-seaters and the middle-seaters, I don't exactly know. In some cases it is doubtless a matter of conviction; but in others, children may have inherited the habit from their parents. Suppose a family has always sat in the left side-seats. Then the son of that family will continue sitting in the left side-seats after he has grown up and become a man.

One evening that guy looks across the aisle and there, in one of those middle seats, sits his future wife. And when they come to the movies again, after their marriage, we all watch to see whether they sit in the left side-seats, or the middle seats. And then we know who's the boss in that family.

But all of us share a common affection for the stage of our theatre, for those footlights hold a memory for every one of us. We've all been up there, perhaps as kiddies in the Christmas pantomime; or maybe it was the sacred concert on Sunday night when we sang in the massed choir. Then there was the minstrel show. And then, at the end of June, the stage is banked high with flowers, the girls are all wearing white dresses and a yellow rose, and the boys and girls are called up on the stage to receive their diplomas and prizes. A night you'll always remember—the High-School graduation.

Well . . . about time to turn the house lights on, I guess . . . open the exit doors . . . and leave our local theatre. I hope there's one just like it in your neighborhood. ★



For Dad June 17th
and the Grad



Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER

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shaves twice as much
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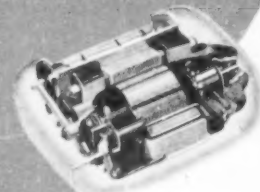
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The ONLY electric shaver
with a powerful, 16-bar
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REAL Motor



Give Sunbeam
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If you are one of those men who believes electric shavers take too long and won't shave a beard like yours CLOSE enough—the new Sunbeam Shavemaster will give you the surprise of your life. Just ask men with tough beards who are using it.

It takes the average man about 7 minutes** to lather and shave with soap-and-blade. That same man will get a better shave with the new Shavemaster in 3 minutes. Even if you've got the toughest, heaviest beard, plus a tender skin, you'll shave in LESS TIME than it takes with soap-and-blade. What's more, you'll get a closer shave—more comfortable—more convenient—no nicks or cuts, muss or fuss this new, easy way. See it at your Sunbeam dealer's. Most dealers are prepared to have you try the new Shavemaster right in their stores. See for yourself—then drop a hint to the folks.

*When seven thousand dealers were asked which electric shaver was their best seller, more named the new Sunbeam Shavemaster than all other makes combined.
**This figure is based on surveys by two national magazines.

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When you've learned something of nature, you're more concerned for its protection. Carling's presents this series of advertisements to further your interest in conservation—for nature and for Canada.

CARLING'S

THE CARLING BREWERIES LIMITED
WATERLOO, ONTARIO



The Toughest Man Afloat

Continued from page 23

have been aft were all forrard. What a mess! One of them tossed me over a winch. But we saved them."

Last year he fell forty feet down a hatch while at anchor in the Thames and smashed four ribs. Captain Sutherland took him ashore to a riverside pub and called a doctor. The doctor, probing White's chest, said: "I can hardly get at this man for muscle and hair." While the doctor strapped him White stood nonchalantly drinking a pint of beer. On the homeward voyage he never asked for a minute off duty.

"If his fist passes within six inches of your face," says a Montreal dock superintendent who once worked under White as a seaman, "it will knock you flat."

A Ship With a Shine

Only twice in forty-five years has White tried to work ashore, once as a painter in Halifax, once as a stevedore in Montreal. "Every mast in the harbor," he says, "seemed to wave to me and say 'Come away, you fool!'"

Today there is not a room anywhere in the world that he calls home. His home is the bosun's house amidships. "I can do my stuff," says White. "That's why I always get a ship."

It is not for his frailties ashore, his physical courage afloat, nor his philosophy that White is employed. When the owners of the Triberg congratulated Captain Sutherland last fall on the fact that his ship always comes into port shining like a silver dollar the little Scots-Canadian replied: "That's because I have one of the finest bosuns who ever topped a derrick."

The Triberg has a crew of thirty-eight—the captain and three mates, the chief and four engineer officers, one radio operator, four stewards and deck and engine-room personnel.

White's job as bosun is to keep the Triberg shipshape with the help of eleven deck hands. Two are called daymen and work from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. The remaining nine are watch-keeping hands who are assigned to three watches of four hours on and eight hours off. Each hand takes an eighty-minute trick at the wheel. White has four men on deck by day and two by night.

There is plenty to do.

Outward bound from Montreal on the twelve-day run to London, deck hands first throw overboard all the

rubbish which has accumulated during loading. Mooring ropes are coiled and stowed, decks hosed and swabbed, hatches secured with wooden wedges, rust spots daubed with red lead, steel deck plates smeared with fish oil, wire ropes rubbed with grease, steel shrouds massaged with a mixture of white lead and tallow, and lifeboat equipment checked.

During the four or five days in London the entire hull of the Triberg is painted grey. Homeward bound, the main job, after stowing, cleaning and making fast, is painting. Funnels, ventilators and mast are painted buff and blue, deck rails and superstructure white, winches black with natty red-and-white pulleys, the anchor chains white and cabin floors red.

White says proudly: "It costs fifteen hundred dollars a trip in paint alone, but the owners know I'm keeping their ship in shape."

Steam, says White, has not made obsolete the lore of sailing days. A man must still know how to make himself fast in a bosun's chair or he'll fall eighty feet from the cross-trees. He must still be able to sew sail because torn boat covers, awnings and canvas hatch sheets need repairs. Wire ropes fray during loading; weak sections must be cut out. Somebody has to splice the remaining lengths. Knots are still needed for mooring, securing gang-planks, and making cargo fast. Even the ornate Turk's Head knot must still be learned to lash the canvas wrapping on handrails.

In bad weather White puts his men to work making the rope ladders on which a pilot clammers aboard, sewing canvas, splicing ropes, cleaning lockers and overhauling gear below. When the weather is calm he calls all hands on deck to rush the work there. Off-watch hands get eighty cents an hour overtime.

World War One training in the Royal Navy filled him with respect for discipline. Each night after he's showered and said a rosary he drops down aft for a mug of coffee with the off-watch crew. But he never stays more than half an hour. "If they get to know you too well," he says, "it's not good." Once when an ordinary seaman, puffing a cigarette, started talking to the first mate of the Triberg White rushed up, snatched the cigarette from the man's mouth and snapped: "Stand to attention when you're speaking to an officer."

Since 1948 scores of Canadian ships have gone over to British registry to benefit from lower-paid crews. Even the mighty CPR fleet flies the UK's



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But a few Canadian owners are hanging on to their flags, notably the Montreal Shipping Company, running to north European ports and the Mediterranean; Canadian National Steamships and Saguenay Terminals, running to the West Indies, and the Triton Steamship Company, running from Montreal to Vancouver, India, the Mediterranean and the United Kingdom. In May 1949 Triton established the Canuk (Canada-United Kingdom) Line.

Canadian costs of operating a 10,000-ton, dry-cargo ship are the second highest in the world. The United States comes first at \$972.52 per day, Canada next at \$810.50 and the United Kingdom is sixth at \$525.46. The difference lies almost entirely in wages and living conditions of crews.

Britons Have It Tougher

A Canadian ordinary seaman gets \$150 a month, an able seaman, who qualifies after three years, gets \$170. They average \$30 a month overtime. Comparable British ratings get \$60 and \$80 a month. The gulf extends through all ranks.

Canadian crews eat white bread, fresh fruit, two eggs and bacon for breakfast, and a lunch and dinner diet of beef, lamb, pork, poultry, fish, ice cream, pie and cheese. They are issued clean sheets and towels twice a week, free toilet and laundry soap and they have unlimited fresh water for showers. In the Triberg they live four to a cabin.

UK sailors live on frugal rations. They get one egg twice a week, provide their own linen, even to the bunk mattress. Fresh water is scarce because owners don't like to sacrifice

cargo space for tanks. In many ships crews are still herded in the fo'c'sle.

The Canuk line has overcome part of the burden of high operating costs with labor-saving devices and efficient use of smaller crews. It depends for its life on seamen now provided by the non-Communist Seafarers International Union.

As bosun, Fred White gets only ten dollars a month more than an able seaman. But he works mostly by day and usually gets a full night's sleep. Also he lives amidships with the donkeyman, boss of the engine-room hands. They rate with naval petty officers. They share a cabin, a separate messroom and shower, and are waited on by the crew steward, officially known as a utility boy but always referred to by seamen as "The Peggy."

Fred White was born Alfred LeBlanc in St. George's, a Newfoundland fishing hamlet. He still has a slight French accent. He came from Quebec fishing stock, a twin and one of fourteen sons. He never went to school and at twelve served aboard his father's fishing dory. At fourteen he changed his name and ran away to St. John's, Newfoundland, got drunk in a bar, passed out and woke up next morning in a strange house.

He had been picked up by a family named Oliver. They had a sixteen-year-old daughter named Pearl with whom he fell in love and a twenty-six-year-old son who was master of a schooner. Pearl urged him to take a berth in the schooner at five dollars a month. He has been sailing ever since. During the First World War he went back to his home in Newfoundland once, but he hasn't heard from his family for fifteen years although he knows his parents died in 1938. He has seen Pearl Oliver only once since he went to sea—a chance meeting in



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Boston thirty years ago. She was with another boy friend.

"I'll never forget Pearl," says White. "I never wanted to marry anyone else but her."

During World War One he was one of four sons serving with the British Navy. He taught himself to read and write in English, something he couldn't do in French, his mother tongue. At Chatham in England he passed as a gunlayer, served in armed merchantmen, was torpedoed twice, wound up in a Channel minesweeper, and celebrated Armistice Day in Ramsgate hanging to the top of a lamppost waving a bottle of beer.

Between wars he sailed until the early Thirties in Canadian Government Merchant Marine ships, around the world and back again, acquiring a catholic taste in liquor, a collection of exotic junk, and an exotic experience with women.

Broken Ribs in Algiers

When Canadian dry-cargo ships were run off the seas by faster British and foreign vessels, or laid up by depression, White sailed with Polishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Swedes, "any old coffin that came along," for food and a bunk. In a Swedish ship he earned the hatred of the crew because he couldn't understand them, feuded with a stoker twice his size, fought him in the fo'c'sle and wound up on friendly terms with everyone when the battle was over.

He was once three and a half months adrift in the South Atlantic in a broken-down English ship, reduced to a cup of water and a dog biscuit a day, and when they finally got to Rio de Janeiro the captain, "a great gentleman," stood him champagne and caviar for his part in keeping up the spirit of the crew and getting the ship safely to port.

He sailed in a cable ship too. When the cable was heaved up for repair it was kept on the surface by a buoy. After repairs it was Bosun White's job to go out in a boat and release the cable from the buoy. Freed of its weight, one buoy popped twelve feet into the air like a cork out of a bottle and overturned White's boat. He managed to climb onto the keel just as a fog fell. It was ten hours before the ship found him.

He was once put ashore in Algiers with six broken ribs and taken by mistake to a native hospital crawling with cockroaches. For supper they gave him black bread and wine. During the night he fled back to the ship in his underclothes. The ship sailed for New York next morning. Three days out White was working again. When he got to New York his ribs had knitted. "It left me sort of crooked," he said, "but no harm was done."

Early in the Second World War he was serving in an Imperial Oil tanker between Haifa in Palestine and France. The tanker sprang a leak and put into Palermo, Sicily, shortly before Mussolini joined the fight. Repairs were made but Sicilians got into the pump room and opened the valves. The ship was saved from sinking but the sabotage delayed her four days. She sailed from Palermo just as Italy declared war.

Later White was paid off in Hoboken and wandered into a bar where he was rolled for twelve hundred dollars. His whisky was drugged and he woke up in a park at four o'clock the next morning; he ate in New York soup kitchens for seven weeks until he met an old shipmate who gave him the fare to Montreal, his home port. Later he was knifed in Port Said, Soviet

citizens robbed him of his clothes in Odessa, natives stripped him in Durban. "I was just a darn fool for not keeping to the main streets," he says. Eventually he drifted into the British Merchant Seamen's Pool.

He picked up many Anglicisms which he still uses and his speech is sprinkled with expressions like "Cheerio," "Ta" and "Blimey!"

He froze on the run to Murmansk, thirsted on the way to Australia, was shelled in the English Channel, dive-bombed in the Mediterranean, involved in a mid-Atlantic collision when a convoy scattered and was seventeen weeks at anchor in Freetown, British West Africa, without being allowed ashore because of food shortages and malaria.

Back in Canadian ships after the war, White joined the Canadian Seamen's Union because he believes in the principle of unions. But he soon sickened of the Red-run CSU. He saw CSU men threaten to strike if they weren't fed turkey instead of chicken. He saw CSU crews in quayside pubs jeering at their own masters on ships alongside.

"In every vessel," says White, "the CSU planted a man who didn't know a bowline from a bull's foot. But he knew how to get the crew steamed up. The CSU made the name of Canada stink. It did nothing for the men. It was just a Communist plot."

In 1948 White was so revolted by the CSU's contempt for sea traditions he got paid off in England with five thousand dollars due from a two-year voyage. He went on an eight-weeks bender, paid his own air passage back to Canada and reached Montreal with forty cents. He needed another ship fast and the CSU hiring hall was the only place he could get one. They said his subscriptions were overdue and unless he paid up he wouldn't be placed. He explained he had been away two years and had only forty cents. They said: "Take a shore job and save the back money. Then you can come in again."

White roared "Go to hell!" and quit. He worked as a stevedore in Montreal and thus missed entanglement in the strikes.

In Jail He Stayed Alive

The CSU strike seriously hampered Canadian shipping throughout the world for six months. Ship owners then made agreements with the non-Communist Seafarers' International Union. After a careful screening White was one of the few former CSU men admitted to the SIU. He got his berth with the Triborg late in 1949 and has sailed with her ever since, taking grain, lumber, pulp, apples and cheese to Britain and returning with steel, chemicals, automobiles and machinery.

With old age creeping on, Fred White has an idea he'll buy a fishing boat one of these days and go back to St. George's, Newfoundland. And as long as he holds to this ambition he's not likely to miss his ship—a misdemeanor he committed only once in all his harum-scarum days at sea.

In the early Forties he was with the St. Malo, a French cattle boat seized in Halifax by Canadian authorities after the fall of France. One night in port White made the mistake of breaking a customs seal to get a bottle of bonded wine; he was sentenced to twenty days in Halifax Rockhead Jail. When he got out he heard the St. Malo had been torpedoed in the Atlantic with the loss of all hands.

White sank to his knees on the street and said a prayer. "God," he says, "has His own way of looking after me." ★

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Barbara Frietchie, alive, alive, O!

PENICILLIN FOR SWEET MOLLY

By JAMES THURBER

THE singing Andrews Sisters, Patricia, Maxine, and Laverne, have become an American institution. They have sung with Bing Crosby and all the lesser baritones, and one of their many records, done without masculine help, was last year's biggest seller. They have paid into the United States Treasury at least enough tax money to build an airplane carrier. For some time they have been singing for your supper as well as their own on a national soup program five days a week. Everyone who knows them well refers to them as "the girls."

The girls recently sang a version of the old Irish ballad, Sweet Molly Malone, which they had made up with the assistance of Hughie Prince, and copyrighted. The song has been in the public domain for many years and anybody can do his own version of it, but most people are satisfied with the one their fathers and grandfathers sang. Years ago, some malcontent, who either loved a girl named Kitty, or hated one named Molly, changed the title of his own version to Sweet Kitty Malone. In the best saloons, when the gentlemen begin to sing the old songs after midnight, Kitty Malone is barred, as she deserves to be, and so is the Andrews Sisters' distortion of the song.

I have it on the authority of someone close to the girls that they do not like anything to be sad or anyone to die. As everyone knows, the authentic Molly Malone died of a fever, or "faver," and no one could save her, and that was the end of Sweet Molly Malone. It is a well-known fact in Dublin's fair city, and everywhere else, that her ghost wheels her barrow through streets wide and narrow, crying "cockles and mussels alive, alive, O!" The girls didn't like it that way. They have given Molly Malone penicillin and saved her, knowing that fevers and other infections can be easily handled with modern drugs. Their version ends like this: "so they both wheel a barrow, through streets wide and narrow, the man that she wed and Sweet Molly Malone."

The Andrews Sisters have cheered more than once, but their treatment

of poor Molly Malone depresses me. I wake up thinking about the sorrowful damnation of the pretty fishmonger, doomed to wheel her barrow through the streets of Dublin forever, alongside a nameless ne'er-do-well who has muscled in on her small trade and is obviously taking half the profits for himself. I think of him as a thin whispering man, with bandoline in his black hair, who promised to set her up in her own furniture and probably told her glittering stories about the success of his own business. No sooner were they wed, however, than he made it clear to her that he was going to push his half of her barrow and cut up the take at the end of the day. In this circumstance, it seems to me, a fever would be a blessing.

I find myself thinking of the other dead and dying heroines of song and rhyme, and how they might suffer at the hands of the girls. "Beautiful Evelyn Hope," they would say of Tennyson's young lady dead at 16, "is getting better." They would pick up Thomas Hood's drowned maiden, fashioned so slenderly, young, and so fair, and administer, not too tenderly, artificial respiration. I suppose that Spoon River Anthology would pose a tough problem for the girls, since everybody in it is dead, but I can see them tripping from verse to verse in A Shropshire Lad, reviving and resuscitating the rose-lit maidens and the lightfoot lads. What I fear most, I think, is the way they might deal with Wordsworth's Lucy, if they ever got around to her. It ends this way now:

She lived alone and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be,
But she is in her grave and O,
The difference to me.

The saving of Lucy by the Andrews Sisters might be managed like this:

She lived alone and few could know
When Lucy married me,
But we were wed in June and O,
The difference to me.

There is something about death that lends stature to a heroine of poetry. If Maud Muller had suffered a fatal sunstroke while raking the hay that sum-

mer's day, she probably would have a warmer place in my heart than she has now. I wouldn't go so far as to say that Whittier should have put a bullet through Barbara Frietchie, but I have always felt that the old girl was a little silly, scolding the army of the Southern Confederacy from that small attic window. I think that the reason a shade of sadness, a blush of shame over the face of the leader came, was because she yelled at the famous Stonewall. "Now you listen to me, Tommy Jackson! Don't you ever go trooping past this house again, with all those dust-brown soldiers, shooting at windows and whooping and hollering. I've a good mind to tell your mother the next time I see her. The very idea, a grown man like you fighting his own country!" Apparently Jackson took the lecture to heart, for the poem clearly states, "The rebel rides on his raids no more."

A few years ago, Samuel Goldwyn made a movie based on a character named Walter Mitty. His star, the talented and versatile Danny Kaye, insisted on putting in a scene in which he sang Sweet Molly Malone, under the light of a street lamp on a corner in Dublin. He sang it straight and with the proper feeling, and everybody who saw the rushes of the scene was impressed and even moved by the song. Everybody, that is, except Mr. Goldwyn. He sat through it in silence, unmoved and unimpressed. "It isn't funny," he said, and the scene was not put into the movie. For all I know, it may have been Sam who put the girls up to their sad and misguided rescue of sweet Molly Malone, but he would never have married her off, especially to a ne'er-do-much who was out of work.

Incidentally, the girls did their version of Molly Malone on St. Patrick's Day last year over CBS, and I thought for a time that they kept Molly alive in order not to dampen the spirits of the Irish on their great day. I took this up with an Irishman, who told me simply, "The spirits of the Irish cannot be dampened on March 17." I should have known that. ★



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Everybody's Playing The Market Again

Continued from page 15

February 1951 it was \$11,216 million and still going.

A few lusty base metals like United Keno (a silver and lead property in the Yukon) and Steep Rock (north-western Ontario iron mine) have increased tenfold since their 1949 lows.

At times in 1949 you could have walked into a broker's office and bought a hundred shares of Massey-Harris for \$1,570. In March this year you could have sold them for \$6,000. Imperial Oil during the same period soared from \$16.50 to \$40, and with twenty-seven million Imperial Oil shares outstanding this meant \$634,500,000 of new money for the shareholders.

What's behind those lunging market indexes that have many small investors selling war bonds and even borrowing money to get in on the boom?

The stock market, basically, reflects the thousands of personal opinions about tomorrow. Today public opinion is optimistic. People think companies are going to continue earning profits as they have since the end of World War II and that those profits will be channeled into shareholders' dividends. Dividends make stocks attractive, people buy, the prices are bid up and you have a bull market.

When that unpredictable public opinion turns pessimistic, as it has many times before and will again, people will sell their stock because they think it is going to lose value. Whether it was actually going to lose value or not, the pressure of selling will make it lose, and then the bull market is gone and a bear market is in.

Here's how 1951's lusty bull grew up:

During the Thirties Canada's stock market climbed slowly out of its 1929 header. It hit a peak in 1937 and then war scares sent it tumbling. There were bigger slumps at the time of Dunkirk and Pearl Harbor; then in late 1942 victory in the African desert sparked a climb that has continued with only minor slumps since. There were big market gains at V-E and V-J days, followed by a slight drop as investors marked time wondering whether business was going to boom or plunge into a postwar depression. By mid-1949 the signs all pointed to boom. Things started happening fast.

Inflation had chopped the value of the dollar down to somewhere between fifty and seventy cents. Companies had come out of the war boom in fine financial shape and were making bigger profits and paying bigger dividends than ever before. Consumer goods were increasing in value. So a lot of investors decided the shrinking dollar wasn't worth keeping. They put their money into stock with companies producing the goods.

The reasoning went like this: If a man put a thousand dollars into a bond, it might have a purchasing power of only six or seven hundred dollars when he took it out a few years later. If he put it into stock in a company producing goods, the same inflation that was running the cost of the goods upward could be expected to run the company's stock value up too. With a stock investment he could use inflation to lick inflation.

Thus an elderly woman walked into a Montreal broker's office recently and said she wanted to invest a hundred dollars in "a safe stock." She lived on an annuity, she said, and the hundred dollars was what she had managed to save over a number of years for her funeral. But the cost of funerals had

gone up so much, she said, that she didn't think a hundred dollars would be enough; the only way she could think to increase it was to invest it in the stock market. The broker selected a solid industrial stock; the woman's investment is gaining slowly and she's happy that it's catching up with funeral costs.

Inflation and fear of inflation gave the bull market its initial push. But there were other factors too.

For one thing, millions who had never owned an investment security bought Victory bonds during the war and wound up investment conscious. Then, too, in the words of one market official, "there was a lot of dough hanging around looking for a place to roost." And it wasn't all little people's money. Hundreds of large U. S. and Canadian firms had established pension funds for employees and large sums in these funds would not be needed for twenty years or more. The firms looked around for places to invest this money and a lot of capital found its way into Canadian stocks.

Women—the Sucker Sign

After an initial setback during the long U. N. retreat in Korea, Canadian investment issues moved ahead under the impetus of large war contracts. Also many Americans began to feel that the U. S. was carrying most of the load in Korea while Canada was not doing as much; this fact, they reasoned, made Canadian investments less susceptible to setbacks on the international scene. The flow of U. S. capital into Canada soon became a flood. Toronto Stock Exchange figures indicate that twenty-five per cent of the money on the bull market in the past year has poured in from across the border.

Canadians too are supporting their own country's stock offerings. In 1929 sixty per cent of all investments from Winnipeg were in U. S. stocks. Now more than ninety-five per cent are in Canadian stocks.

On the Toronto Stock Exchange during the Thirties and early Forties a representative list of twenty U. S. industrial stocks usually ran about ten points ahead of a similar list of Canadian stocks. By 1946 the Canadian stocks began to catch up and now Canada's industrial group is about thirty points ahead of the U. S. list.

That's the story of the bull market's birth and growth. Inflation, company profits and optimistic public opinion started it moving. Then Korea and increased U. S. investments kept it rolling.

But where does it put us in that ominous and inevitable comparison with 1929? Is 1951 another 1929 in the making?

One broker recently looked at half a dozen women in his board room and whispered to a friend: "It's time to sell. When women start cluttering up the board rooms, it's a sign of a sucker market."

Many professional traders regard an influx of small investors into the stock market as an unhealthy sign. Little people don't as a rule put their money on the market with any intention of leaving it there long enough to benefit the nation's economy. They hop around from stock to stock, bidding an issue up on the strength of a few rumors, then selling it down again in a few weeks when the rumors flop. One broker said: "I've seen people buy and sell the same stock three times in one day."

The havoc that inexperienced investors can create on the market was illustrated recently by the flurry in stock of Callinan Flin Flon Mines.

Callinan, dormant for months, had slumped to five cents a share. It was the type of penny stock that attracts small investors; for a few cents a share the amateur plunger can get a large block and feel that he's getting something for his money. Callinan adjoins the rich Flin Flon mine of the Manitoba-Saskatchewan border and hundreds of amateurs suddenly decided that Callinan, in view of its rich neighbor, was a cheap buy. Almost overnight it became the most active stock on the exchange. In six trading days it hit a high of \$1.06. Speculators were rubbing their hands in anticipation of rich profits.

Then a number of traders who had been holding Callinan stock for years, believing it worthless, suddenly realized it was up around one dollar a share. They started to sell. But in 1939 Callinan's capitalization had been reorganized and one new share issued for every four old ones. Many of the old stockholders had paid no attention to the recapitalization and had long since forgotten it. They started digging into bureau drawers, found they had a thousand shares, say, and phoned their brokers: "Sell one thousand shares of Callinan." The broker would sell, then when the stock certificates were delivered he'd discover they actually represented only two hundred and fifty present-day Callinan shares. Thousands of shares that didn't exist were sold. Brokers worked nights trying to straighten out the muddle. Callinan dropped forty cents in one day and when the mess was finally cleared hundreds were left with Callinan stock bought at anywhere up to \$1.06 and which plunged to thirty cents.

Although the amateurs are in again, and stirring up a bit of trouble as they did in 1929, there are a number of factors and safeguards today which make a bust—at least one as disastrous as 1929—appear unlikely.

Most economists agree that, aside from the world's general economic health, two special factors contributed to the 1929 market plunge.

First was the vast number of small investors who were in the stock market to make a fast profit and then sell out. And second was the liberal credit terms for "margin" buying of stock.

Down Payments Are Stiffer

The little people in today's bull market are not the frenzied speculators their 1929 counterparts were. In 1929 they were borrowing money from banks or brokers at ten or fifteen per cent and investing it in stocks which were yielding two or three per cent. They weren't concerned with interest rates; they were just playing the market for the huge capital gains they thought they could make.

"But today," says Howard N. Crann, researcher in one of Toronto's largest brokerage firms, "there's much less speculating and a lot more investing. The lessons of 1929 are still remembered. Many are buying stocks for their investment yield, not to sell them as soon as they can make a few hundred dollars."

"Small investors represent a much smaller percentage of the over-all stock market investment today than they did in 1929," says Crann. "Today there is a great deal of 'big money' in the market. It has come to a large degree from U. S. insurance companies and pension funds. This money is in to stay for twenty years or so, regardless of market ups and downs. It is giving today's market some stability and a firmer foundation."

The other factor, and many claim it was the biggest contributor to the

1929 debacle, was margin buying—purchasing stock on the installment plan. In practice it was a slick trick by which an astute investor could make a profit from a rising stock without ever actually paying for it. In 1929 it worked this way: An investor thought or maybe knew that a stock was going to take a jump. So he would order his broker to buy a thousand shares, say, and make a five or ten per cent down payment on the cost of the stock. The broker would provide the rest from his own funds or through a bank loan. If the stock

rose, the investor would order it sold. The broker would deduct his debt and commissions from the sale and the profit would go to the investor. It worked out fine in a rising market. For a little money the margin buyer could get a lot of stock and make big profits. But when the market slumped his losses were multiplied too.

In contrast, margin buying today is rigidly controlled. Down payment requirements are so much stiffer that all except experienced traders are scared off. Instead of the five or ten per cent required in 1929, margin

buyers today must put fifty per cent on stocks selling for one dollar and over, and below one dollar it's an all-cash deal. Early in March brokers' loans for stock on margin in Canada amounted to about one third of one per cent of their total business—a percentage so small that it has no effect whatever on market stability.

What's it all add up to?

Sooner or later, maybe tomorrow, maybe next year, the bull market will slump again. Bull markets always have. When it does, a lot of people will lose their shirts. ★

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Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 5

Housing Act so that they can charge whatever the traffic will bear for the money they lend.

Considered as part of the inflation picture, all this is good news. Cheap money and easy credit are the very foundations of an inflationary spiral. The Government could not reverse its policy on bond prices and interest rates without throwing overboard all hope or even intention of holding down the cost of living.

Considered in terms of housing need, it's very bad news indeed.

Canada has had an increase of about a million families since the war, and has built only three quarters of a million houses. Whatever the shortage of housing was in 1945 it's greater now by a quarter of a million. And, as I said before, we are still bringing in immigrants.

This is why the Government has refused to admit any loss of interest in the housing problem, why the Prime Minister solemnly assured Parliament that housing has "No. 2 Priority." But the cold fact is that so far, at any rate, the Government has taken no positive steps to give housing any priority at all. Defense production has been taken right out of the framework of the national economy and is financed by Government aid to whatever extent is required. Housing has not been so segregated. It's still being carried on freely, like any other private operation, and under those circumstances no "priority" is feasible.

This is a grave enough matter by itself. It's worse when taken as a part of the general program of defense production. Defense plants are going up in various places and whole new villages or suburban districts will be needed to house their workers. Who's to build these if the ordinary private contractor can't get the money?

One obvious answer would be to revive Wartime Housing Limited and make the Government a landlord again. On paper the record of Wartime Housing was pretty good—its little homes are now being sold at a fairly good price after earning rent for seven years.

Maclean's Magazine, May 15, 1951

and the Government hasn't lost any money.

But the people who had most to do with Wartime Housing, especially Dave Mansur's men at Central Mortgage and Housing who had to clean up after it, are the very men who don't want it back. They think it was an unholy mess.

An alternative would be to make the defense companies themselves build houses for their staffs, on the same terms as they build the plants. That seems a fairly likely solution to this particular problem. As for the ordinary citizen who wants to build a house—there's no solution in sight up to now, other than "Let him wait."

Ottawa's been hearing from Washington again about the Extradition Treaty we signed in 1942, and Ottawa's face is red. We like to be self-righteous about the St. Lawrence Seaway Agreement of 1941, which Congress has not ratified. But Canada has not ratified the Extradition Treaty either, appears to be even more unlikely to do so, and has as weak a defense for foot-dragging, if not weaker.

Under the Extradition Treaty negotiated and signed nine years ago, embezzlement and fraud would be extraditable offences. This means that the racketeering brokers now peddling worthless stocks to American citizens by long-distance telephone from Toronto could be lugged home and put in jail.

On the other hand, it could also mean that reputable Canadian brokers might become liable to prosecution, without even knowing it, through failure to comply with some obscure American regulation governing the sale of securities. Therefore, whenever the Extradition Treaty comes up for ratification by Parliament, it's always greeted by a burst of apprehensive opposition from both sides of the House.

Canada is holding out, and will probably continue to hold out, for the principle of "double criminality" in extradition law—a feature omitted from the present treaty but sure to be in before the treaty is ratified. Under that principle a man can be extradited only for acts which are violations of the law in both countries.

The United States would have no



objection to this stipulation, if Canada would tighten up her securities and exchange regulations enough to forbid the kind of barefaced fraud that is now being carried on by Toronto bucket-shops. "We'll accept double criminality," they say, "if you'll pass a law that says stock-market fraud is a crime."

Ottawa agrees with this point of view, but unfortunately the regulation of securities and exchange is a provincial matter. So far, attempts to persuade the provinces (especially Ontario) into harsher steps against stock frauds have been fruitless.

With renewed pressure from Washington this spring, Ottawa has come to feel that something will have to be done. Canada is getting a bad name throughout the United States as a haven for racketeers—several newspapers have lately sent reporters to Toronto for long, blistering, and wholly factual stories about the crooked operations tolerated there. There may be an approach to Premier Leslie Frost, whose reputation for good sense and co-operation is very high in Ottawa, regardless of politics. Should that fail, Ottawa may consider amendment of the Criminal Code to make some of the stock-market rackets a federal offense.

Austin Cross, columnist for the Ottawa Citizen, the Financial Times and dozens of smaller papers, likes to use his columns for roasting people he doesn't like. Naturally this makes him something less than popular with his victims, who include a large and growing number of top civil servants.

Not long ago Austin wrote a magazine piece entitled, Have We A Stooze Press? His answer was a definite "yes." Practically everybody in the Press Gallery, except Austin, is a tame cat fed on Government cream. If by any strange accident we happen to stumble on a story unflattering to the Government we suppress it; but this seldom happens because we all spend our time playing gin rummy and waiting for the Government hand-outs to be brought over by Government press agents.

Soon after this appeared, Hugh Boyd, of the Winnipeg Free Press, met a friend of his, a civil servant who had suffered Austin's wrath on previous occasions.

"Congratulations," the friend said. "I see you've been decorated, too. Welcome to our select company."

Hugh was puzzled: "Decorated? What do you mean?"

"Why, you've won the Austin Cross."

Speaking of being a stooze, I got a letter not long ago from a Progressive Conservative friend. He said: "I am writing this in the hope that you may convince me, if you care to, that I am still justified in arguing that you are not a Government propagandist."

What annoyed him was the "bland and quite unsupported statement in the issue of April 1 that 'St. Laurent is the man supremely qualified to lead Canada in a time of crisis. No one else in any party could equal him.' It almost carries one back to Julius Caesar—you remember:

We petty men
Creep under his huge legs and
peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable
graves."

He went on to say that the argument would have had some force if I'd meant only that "St. Laurent as a French Canadian well regarded by English Canadians could command a greater common effort." That of course is precisely what I did mean.

But, while he conceded some validity to this point, my Conservative friend went on to make a case against St. Laurent as "the man in a crisis" on any other ground:

"Since he became Prime Minister there have been, as I recall, only three matters that were in any way testing: 1, the Combines fiasco; 2, the Korean incident; and, 3, the Wheat Agreement." And he went on to recall that in none of these did Prime Minister St. Laurent show up with any great brilliance.

I think all these points are well

taken. St. Laurent is very much liked by his colleagues, his staff, his followers, even by the Opposition. Personally he is charming. But even his most devoted adherents do not maintain that he is politically adroit, or that the positions he takes are always right. On the contrary, his capacity for getting his foot in his mouth is often the despair of his friends.

The thing that makes St. Laurent "supremely qualified" is that he is trusted to a unique degree by both the major ethnic groups in Canada. If we must—God forbid—go to war again,

if we must face again the corroding, disrupting issue of raising troops for overseas, nobody could possibly hold the country together as well as Louis St. Laurent.

Should the climate change, and Canada enter a period of calm, there are plenty of arguments for changing the Government. It's been there a long time and it does take its power for granted nowadays. But the international barometer is still falling, the outlook for peace still dim. In those circumstances, I think we're lucky to have the leadership we've got. ★



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They Say You Taste Like Pork

Continued from page 26

in the Philippines had eaten 151 natives since August the year before. He said Japs were raiding villages, stealing rice and vegetables and selecting fat young human victims for meat. Young women, captured alive, were forced to live as mistresses until food ran out and then they too were eaten.

In the spring of 1947 Filipino military police found a Jap hide-out and in a pot were freshly cooked human flesh and bones. One 24-year-old Filipino told how three Japs killed his mother and father. Before his eyes they hacked flesh from the bodies and cooked it in the victims' own kitchen. They forced the man to eat the flesh of his own parents.

At Tokyo in 1948 Nurse Shigako Tsutini was found guilty of serving the livers of eight American airmen at a Jap officers' mess. Thirteen Japs, including a lieutenant-general, a Navy captain and a major, were convicted of cannibalism at Guam in October 1946. They, too, had eaten the flesh of crashed U. S. fliers.

They Call It "Long Pig"

Cannibals fare well on their diet. An anthropologist, writing about natives of the Marquesas Islands in the Pacific, quotes a doctor who maintains that depopulation of the islands during the past century has been caused by the suppression of cannibalism which left the natives with a diet deficient in protein and fat. J. Allen McManis, who spent nine months with cannibals in New Guinea and the Solomons, says in his book, "Flesh of My Brother": "Not once did we see a cannibal afflicted with stomach disorders. . . . No race of people on earth have more perfect teeth, and we saw only one bald-headed cannibal."

Cannibals told McManis: "The flesh of my brother is no less sweet than the flesh of my brother's pig," and they call it "long pig." An epicure of the long-pig diet who had tried white man puckered up his mouth like a child taking castor oil and complained that the white man's flesh reeked of tobacco.

North America has seen cannibalism, and plenty of it. No North American Indians were full-time cannibals; that is, they didn't raid neighboring tribes with the express purpose of bringing home the bacon. But being a ruthlessly practical people they sometimes ate bodies of their dead or killed infants and old folks for food during famine winters.

Natives forced periodically to cannibalism are coldly matter-of-fact about it. Natives of Tierra del Fuego in South America once informed a traveler that when starving in winter they always ate the oldest woman of their party. When asked why they didn't eat their dogs first, they explained: "Dogs can catch otters."

But North America's cannibalism wasn't confined to the natives. History records little about it, for pioneer travelers were afraid to mention it in their diaries, but occasional references started out sometimes by eating their moccasins and wound up by eating each other.

In 1768 explorer Alexander Henry's party was out of food and an Indian woman saved their lives because she knew how to prepare lichen so that it was edible. His diary adds: "It saved the life of the poor woman for the men had projected to kill her. One gave me to understand that he was no

novice in such affairs, that he had wintered in the northwest and had been obliged to eat human flesh several times."

Canada's Arctic has numerous well-picked human bones along its exploration trails. Twice expeditions headed by Sir John Franklin added pages to Canada's cannibalism story.

Eskimos view cannibalism with repugnance, but occasionally starvation drives them to it. One story recently reached Hudson's Bay Company men at Churchill. An Eskimo couple with a small baby visited the father's parents. They found the grandfather injured and unable to hunt. The old folks were starving. The young couple left their baby with the grandparents and went out to hunt caribou. When

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Blessings on thee, little man

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Till you've really got it marred good;

Were you taught in your upbringing

That front doors were meant for swinging?

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I fear that you've worn out the plumbing;

In fact, you noisy little gnome,

You've nearly wrecked my happy home.

Yet I can thank a fate benign,

That you're not twins, or worse yet, mine!

—D. S. Halacy Jr.

they returned with meat a few days later the baby had disappeared. No questions were asked. They knew the grandparents had eaten it. The couple left food and returned home.

All this is dietary cannibalism—the eating of human flesh purely as a food. Probably far more humans have been eaten because of religion and superstition—this is called ceremonial cannibalism. Practically all primitive races believed that by eating flesh they acquire some of the physical, moral and intellectual qualities of the animal eaten. In Africa and in many Pacific Islands, if an enemy warrior put up a strong and valiant fight parts of his body were always eaten by the conquerors, who believed they were thus absorbing a share of the enemy's strength and bravery.

One Zulu chief wiped out 30 tribes and drank the gall of their 30 chiefs, believing that he was acquiring the combined strength of all of them. The Sioux Indians of western North America ground and dried the heart of a brave foe into a powder then saved it, swallowing the portion of bravery just before they entered battle so that they would have the benefit of its mystic effect when they needed it most.

The same idea was carried over into primitive ceremonies of offering human sacrifices to gods. The victim's body was believed to become a part of the god's body, so usually the acolytes ate it to absorb some of the god's all-powerful wisdom and divinity.

In many parts of the world natives believe that an individual is born with a definite quota of "life matter" or "soul stuff" and if he loses an arm or

part of his body he has to consume an equal part of someone else to make up for the lost life matter. Fiji chiefs even selected a tribesman to be eaten whenever they were having their hair or fingernails cut. Bald-headed chiefs were very popular.

This belief became linked with marriage customs for it was felt that to produce offspring the parents had to surrender some of their life matter to the new child. Thus, in many tribes, before a prospective husband could pop the question he had to slay an enemy and eat the body so that he would possess a surplus of life matter for the business of becoming a father. Among the Chavantes tribe of South America a young girl who became a mother was believed to have parted with some of her soul stuff too early for her own health, so her infant was killed and fed to her. And older mothers became alarmed if their families grew too large, decided they couldn't afford to give up any more life matter, and thereafter ate their babies as fast as they had them.

But we can stay right in Canada and find the strangest of all cannibalism ceremonies.

Several Pacific Coast tribes had secret societies whose members were prominent men who claimed to have been visited by a god. One of the gods was an awesome creature known as the Cannibal Spirit and the men who claimed to be in his confidence were a select and highly revered group known as the Secret Society of Cannibals.

A newcomer was required to go through a gruesome and exacting initiation. The society members would take him into the forest and leave him tied to a tree for several days. They would kill a slave or unpopular tribesman and leave the body beside him for food. If a grizzly didn't get him in the meantime, the new member would become delirious and imagine that the Cannibal Spirit carried him off to the celestial home of spirits where he was initiated into the cult.

Days later society members would visit him and cut him loose. He would return to the village mad with thirst and was expected to run around biting flesh from anyone he could catch; if he couldn't catch anyone he would bite flesh from his own arm.

It was a religious duty for members to offer their flesh to the mad one. When he raved up to a tribesman the victim would hold out his arm to be eaten and make no effort to protect himself. He would prize his wound and regard himself a consecrated man.

After a day or two in which the cannibal would wrench flesh with his teeth from a score or more of friends, bolting it down unchewed, the mania would suddenly leave him and he again became a peaceful member of the tribe.

Early travelers have left gory records of this religious ceremony. John Dunn in "History of the Oregon Territory," for example: "The wounds, though held as sacred trophies, often prove mortal. Several of the wounded came to our surgeon to have their rankling sores healed. They presented a most hideous appearance; being jagged and torn, and often showing the clear indentations of the human teeth. . . ."

There have been many cases of cannibals eating human flesh raw—but only in Western Canada and northwestern U. S. have there been cannibals who ate it alive. ★

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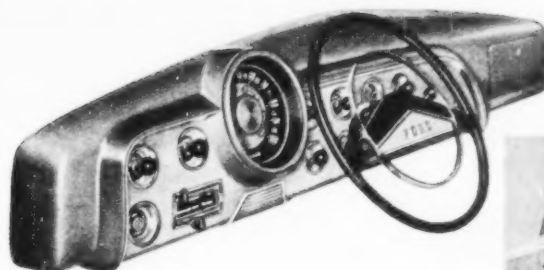
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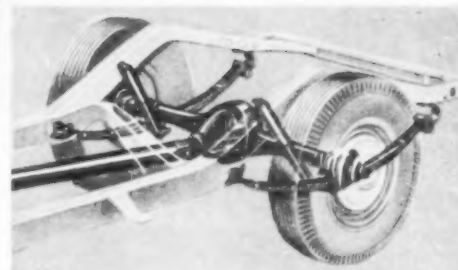
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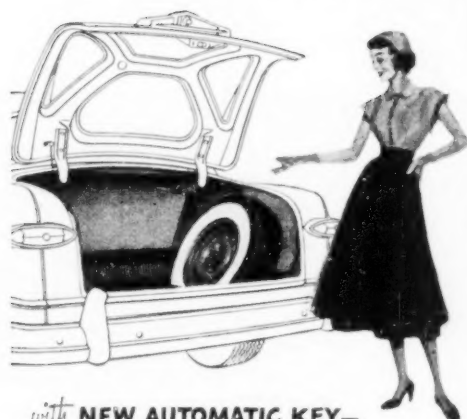


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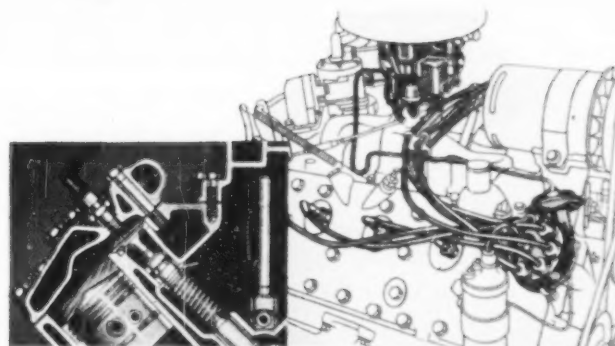
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The Last Wild West

Continued from page 19

ridge about four feet wide. This was an old beaver dam which extended for three hundred yards to the opposite bank, where a small, green, slough-grass pothole ran back into the jack pine and spruce. We agreed to tackle it. I took the lead, and the boys let a few pack horses follow single file behind me. It was lucky Pan held back most of the horses while he watched the progress of the first bunch.

I leaned forward in the saddle as my horse Stuyve stepped cautiously ahead. He jumped expertly across a narrow strip of muskeg but sank to his knees in the opposite bank of the dam. Pan yelled, "Jump!" but I had waited too long. Stuyve sank deeper and, as I started to get clear of him, I saw Old Buck fall sideways off the narrow dam into the muck.

I was snapped loose-jointedly into the stinking muskeg. One of Stuyve's legs struck past my head. I fought my way free of his struggling body. There seemed to be no bottom. The sensation was like being sucked down into quicksand. The side of the beaver dam wasn't five feet away, but I couldn't reach it. The suction held me fast in the one spot and drew me deeper with every struggle. An arm's length away, Stuyve's thrashing head and horror-stricken eyes flashed by my vision.

I breathed in a mouthful of water; then something struck me hard in the chest and I saw Pan above me on the dam. I gripped the jack pine he had shoved at me, but it was shoved down below my waist between my legs. I heard Pan snap, "Quick, get my rope! We can't get him out this way."

He threw the loop over my head. "Heave!" Pan yelled.

I was on the beaver dam but four horses still struggled in the ooze; and only Stuyve's head was now visible.

Pan was tearing at Nimpo's pack. He yelled at Tommy: "Get the saddle off my horse—I'm throwin' it on Nimpo. If he can't pull Stuyve out of that muck no horse can."

In spite of the monumental trouble, worry and loss of sleep Nimpo consistently caused us, he had become our best rope horse. He was brainy and he was shifty. There was nothing on four legs that was too big for him to handle.

By the time I had pulled myself together Pan was leading Nimpo out onto the dam by the halter shank. Then, after a struggle which almost broke Stuyve's neck, he was pulled up out of the depths of the stinking mud. Tommy led the trembling horse along the dam to shore.

"Looks like Buck's about done," I yelled. Pan was shoving jack-pine poles under the buckskin which now had stopped struggling.

"Nimpo can't budge him with that pack on," breathed Pan. "I've got to get it off. Here, friend: hold this rope." He jumped hard, lit halfway up Buck's wide pack, slashed the rope with his jackknife, pushed the packboxes out into the mud and jumped for the bank. I took several fast turns with the rope around Nimpo's neck, the old horse threw everything he had into a series of lunges and forward splashes. When he was out he got to his feet like a cat. I'll swear, knowing horses fairly well, that Old Buck stood on the bank and grinned at us.

And so it was that horse after horse was snaked to safety.

"Nothin' to it at all, boys," wheezed Pan when it was all over. "A good experience. We'll know something about mud and beaver dams after this!"

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Dusk was creeping down. It took a good deal of will power to get packed up again. The horses staggered wearily down the muskeg arm through its middle. A little farther on a creek was flowing down the arm. Then, rounding the bend, we saw through the gathering dusk an open meadow. Pan threw his hat in the air. The horses stopped with their heads buried in the grass. This was the first of the yellow land openings we'd seen from the mountains. We unpacked.

Several years later we found that this muskeg arm was the first gush of the remote headwaters of the Blackwater River which empties into the great Fraser near Quesnel, B.C. Undoubtedly we were the first white men to bog down in its muskeg. From now on we would stick closer to Andy's advice—"Don't cross a muskeg; go around it."

From a Treetop—A Promise

Another day's ride took us to a long narrow meadow, cut by a small river running east. We had seen this through our field glasses too. We followed the river, looking for a good crossing, and came suddenly to a group of weather-greyed log shanties and a large fish-smoking rack. It was now that we saw our first Ulgatcho Indians—a group of about fifteen dark-skinned, Oriental-looking squaws, children and old men.

The children charged into the fallen-in hovels. The women backed shyly into the doorways. They wore either shawls or bandannas over their heads; black and brown wrinkled stockings covered their legs; and on some of them it was easy to see three or four layers of old dresses, torn, grease-stained. Moose-hide outer skirts and jackets covered the bulges of cloth beneath them.

They stared blankly at us, their cruel, sharp faces pockmarked, wrinkled, expressionless.

Pan said "Howdy." Then, seeing no signs of friendly reply, he shouted loudly and spat on the ground.

Over the whole camp hung a rancid smell of dried fish, rotten meat and old moose hide. The old men and women hadn't moved or blinked an eye since our arrival. Looking over my shoulder, I saw the whole Indian clan gathered before the caved-in buildings silently watching our departure. Pan called back to me: "A nice friendly bunch of neighbors!"

The following day, when we had swum the river and climbed seven hundred feet above the willow bottom of the valley, Pan pulled up his horse at the base of a sharp knoll, crowned by a single jack pine. "I'm gonna climb that telephone pole," he said. "We ought to be close to the Blur by now. Maybe I can get a look."

We watched Pan disappear up into the heavy green growth. We could hear dead branches snapping and once in a while his breathing. I yelled up at him. I could tell from the silence at the top of the tree that Pan was looking through the field glasses, and then I heard him begin his descent. He scraped down through the branches into sight, dropped awkwardly to the ground and started for his horse. The Top Hand didn't glance in our direction. I knew he had seen something from the top of the tree and now would keep us in suspense. He got on his horse. I turned to Tommy. "Good old Pan," I said.

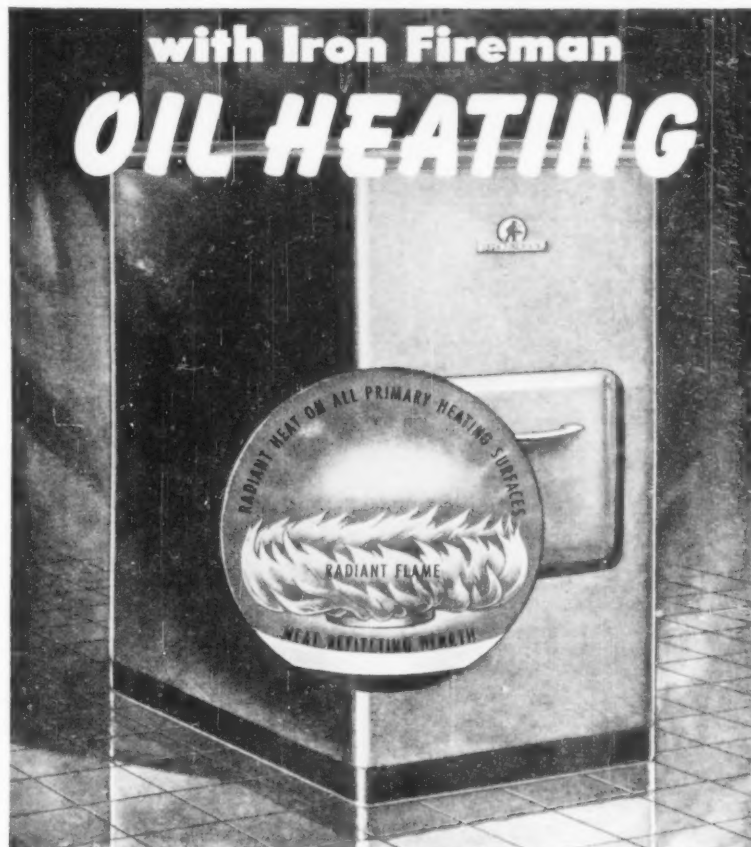
Taking the lead, Pan reined his horse halfway about and headed due east along the edge of a slough-grass swamp.

By now Tommy had learned it was no use to pump the Top Hand for information, but I decided to approach

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You will—when this cheese sauce tops the asparagus!

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3 tbsps. Allsweet	Dash pepper
2 tbsps. flour	1½ cups milk
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makes the flavour!

Pan a different way. As we started to climb uphill I called, "I'm glad the grass country lays over the top of this ridge." Pan didn't answer.

"It's lucky you climbed that tree, Pan. We might have missed the opening." No answer.

This went on until we rode out on a neck of open meadow. We were now above the mosquito country. The atmosphere seemed to have changed. Looking back, I could see grassy necks extending down into timber behind us. The jack pines began to thin out. The horses sniffed the air and started to trot up in a bunch behind Pan.

We surprised a herd of mule deer which ran in high graceful bounces into a grove of jack pines, turned about and stood wide-eyed with their heads held high, watching the pack train. Game trails ran in every direction. The horses shied at groups of cow moose and little, hump-backed calves that trotted awkwardly away through the tall grass in front of us.

Wild Drums in the Night

And then the last vestige of fog and cloud vanished suddenly in blue sky and we stared in amazement at a wide, greenish-yellow world that dipped in a great low curve into an empty horizon. We were on the edge of a gigantic hay meadow whose immensity struck us speechless. But we didn't realize then the magnitude of the cattle country we had discovered.

Nobody spoke. The horses lowered their heads to smell the grass and bit hungrily into tender shoots.

"Keep the horses going," Pan barked at me. "We'll head for that little red butte over there, stickin' up out of the grass. Looks like there's a creek or lake below it, and a good place to camp." The line of horses moved jerkily ahead, stopping to snatch up mouthfuls of grass.

On the butte, as dusk settled down about us, we ate, talked little, and rolled into our beds, groaning with exhaustion but freed from the nightmares of the previous days. Pan spoke once from his bedroll. His voice was cracked and tired: "There was nothin' to it, boys—nothin' to it at all." Then he started to snore.

Next day we began to chart our position on the big blank space on the map. To the southeast a granite peak towered thousands of feet above a pale blue glacier at its base. We were almost sure this was Itcha Cairn, the triangulation point on the map. This whole vast terraced basin must be the Blackwater watershed.

About a mile west of the butte Tommy found a perfect site for ranch buildings and corrals centred around a long narrow neck of bluegrass. A half-moon-shaped pool bordering three sides of our future homestead afforded a handy water system, a swimming pool at the front door and trout fishing from the bedside.

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Here we began building our most important edifice—an octagon-shaped corral. It was while we were rolling the logs up into place that I began to sense a strange rhythmic throb in the air.

Tommy crawled down off the top log. "I hear some kind of a noise," he said.

The Top Hand blew smoke through his nose. "Indian drums," he said. "They been poundin' away at 'em all afternoon."

That night not a twig stirred and an oppressive silence hung over meadow and forest. We sat around the campfire listening. Out of the darkness floated the creepy, unrelenting beats. Tum tum tum—boom, tum tum tum—boom went the Ulgatcho drums.

I was unconsciously swaying with the beat. Tum-tum-tum-boom—boom, getting louder. Pan got to his feet and began to chant and step and sway around the fire in time with the throb. The drums were still pounding when I fell asleep.

Pan had a strange kind of sixth sense. He had repeatedly warned Tommy and me that within two weeks of our arrival on the Blackwater we would be visited by the Ulgatchos, that we must be mentally and physically prepared to meet them. He had it figured that the Indians would have to be handled with mighty thin kid gloves.

"Let me handle those boys when they come in," Pan said. "I'm gonna watch 'em awful close, and maybe I can figure out how they do their thinkin'. I'll do the talkin' and you boys follow me."

One afternoon Tommy was away and Pan and I were in the tent when the Top Hand suddenly grabbed my arm. Horses' hoofs were padding across the pine needles at the back. In a flash, Pan pulled out his Smith and Wesson 44 holster and swept the cartridge belt around his waist. I didn't have time to get my gun. Pan was barking from the tent flap. "Make big noise when you stop this camp! Make big noise, you hear! Maybe next time I kill somebody!"

A Big Gun Shoots Straight

Through the open tent flap I saw a moose-hided Indian on a short-legged, shaggy-haired horse. I knew if I moved for my gun it would start something. I stepped out beside Pan in time to see a second Indian slip down off a low-set, hairy-legged pony.

Pan said to me, "Coffee." He didn't look away from the Indian who sat stoically on his horse, his right hand on the butt of a small, pearl-handled revolver. I scraped together a pile of pitch shavings and lit a match to it. "Take your hand off that gun," I heard Pan bark. "or you're gonna get killed." The Indians dismounted.

I set four tin cups on our homemade table. The Indians squatted down in silence. They were dark-skinned, with slanting eyes on bony faces. Jet black hair hung to the shoulders of one. The other's hair was shaved. They were a nightmarish-looking pair. Pan sauntered slowly to the table and handed each Indian a cup of coffee. We drank in silence.

Suddenly one of the Indians looked quickly at his partner and then at Pan. He grunted harshly. "This country no good for white man." He spat. "Maybe something happen to white man this country."

I could feel the atmosphere tightening. The Ulgatcho's eyes narrowed and he spat out his ultimatum: "White man, you go. This country belong Ulgatcho Indian."

Pan said nonchalantly, "Can you shoot good with a six gun?"

The long-haired Indian looked contemptuous. "We use 'em gun and we use 'em hand fight."

"Let's see," said Pan. His right hand streaked to the Indian's gun. He jerked it out of the holster, spun the small revolver around in his right hand, then grinned at the startled Indian.

"Haw, haw," laughed the Top Hand. "Pee wee," he said, indicating the gun. The Indian's eyes bugged out.

"Look," said Pan. He shifted the small pistol to his left hand and, leaning forward, snatched a milk can off the table with his right hand and flung it at the river. Pan's draw for his beloved

and much-used gun was swift and, as the tin can hit the water, the 44 boomed, the tin can bounced, the gun cracked again, the can popped out farther in the channel. Once more the gun went off, and the can bubbled down out of sight.

"Big gun more better," grinned Pan. He handed the man back his little revolver.

Now the shave-headed Indian rose to his feet and shook a gnarled, dirty fist at me. "Me best fight man Ulgatcho. Me show you. Then you go."

My father, who had been both a fencing and boxing champion at An-

CANADIAN ECDOTE



NO DRINKS, NO VOTES

WHEN Donald A. Smith (later Lord Strathcona) contested the division of Selkirk for the Federal House in 1879 and was beaten, it was said he never forgave Winnipeg. At any rate, he left his palatial Winnipeg home, Silver Heights, and moved to Montreal, and it was Montreal that later benefited from his large bequests.

Smith's old friends and neighbors at Silver Heights had their own explanation of his defeat in this election. Liquor was being widely though illegally used in the electioneering, but Smith took no chances. Confident of success he was determined that no man could say he had given out drinks to influence votes.

A farmer in the district, an old friend well acquainted with Smith's normally generous hospitality, was called upon one day to go campaigning with him. To his surprise,

during their morning calls no liquor appeared. No drinks were served at lunch, either.

The dry afternoon dragged on. Not a drop. The thirsty farmer patiently looked forward to dinner at Silver Heights—still not a drop. This was carrying the matter too far.

Bedtime came and Smith showed his guest to his room, wished him good night and shut the door.

The farmer stood rooted to the spot, unable to believe his senses. Then came a soft knock at the door. The outraged guest sprang to open it; he had misjudged his friend. A smiling Donald stood in the dim light of the hall.

"Would you like a nightcap?" Smith asked in a low voice. With an eager "Thank you" the guest reached out his hand for the glass. Donald gave him the nightcap and again shut the door . . . a cotton nightcap.—J. H. Arnett.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.



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napolis, had roughed me around with boxing gloves from my earliest days. At home he built a gym for us kids with a regulation ring and heavy bag. Later I boxed on George Blake's Los Angeles Athletic Club team, worked out under Arthur Donovan in New York and coached the San Diego Army and Navy Academy's boxing team. My last legal workouts were with Bob Pastor as one of his sparring partners.

However the only workouts I'd had for a long time were mild sparring practices with Pan. We used my set of 12-ounce practice gloves which I

toted around wherever I went—even here to the Blackwater. I had not only slowed down, but my timing was off.

I looked the wide-jawed Ulgatcho over as he walked threateningly toward me. About 165 pounds, I thought. Twenty pounds lighter than me, but all bone and muscle, fast and cruel and dangerous in close. If he knocked me down, would he tear me apart with his bulldog jaws and dirty, fanglike teeth? I knew I'd have to use every bit of my boxing training. I stood up and stepped around the table. Pan flashed to a pack box and was between

us with the gloves. He talked fast out of the corner of his mouth.

"Use the mittens, boy. You cut him up with your fist and there's trouble later. They don't forget."

The Indian was staring hard at Pan. "What's a matter?" he growled. "You stop 'em fight."

"Off with the shirts and the guns," Pan barked. "No use get clothes dirty."

The Indian objected to the gloves. "Bed rolls, he no good. You scare," he snarled at me.

"Try 'em with the mitts first," said Pan, "then take 'em off and use hands."

Both Indians grunted. Pan hurriedly tied on our gloves and stood to the side. The Indian came at me with the fury of a wild animal. I ducked, stepped back, tripped over a root and rolled fast to one side. I was up before he was and met his next rush with a light, long-distance straight left to his nose.

"Now go after him," rasped Pan.

I stepped back and ducked two hay-makers. A third glanced off my forehead. I was momentarily dazed. He was almost on me again when I landed a left shovel hook under his solar plexus. Now I felt better. As he rushed in again I hopped sideways, then stepped into his head-on charge with my whole weight behind a straight left. It landed on his forehead, too high, but his knees sagged. I measured him quickly with a light left jab and then smashed my right hand to his jaw with everything I had. He kicked in the dirt, rolled over and lay still. Sudden panic grabbed me.

"My God, Pan," I cried, "I've killed him."

Pan grabbed up a lard pail, sprinted for the creek and splashed the water over the Indian's face. His eyes rolled. He shook his head, grunted, looked around.

Notin' to it at all . . .

"Wowie!" said Pan. I raked the sweat off my forehead. Later, at twilight, we watched the two Indians ride out of camp headed for distant Ulgatcho, their saddles bulging with gifts from the Blackwater outfit.

Reaching skyward from the shaved head of the swollen, bulbous-jawed Indian proudly sat my new extra trail hat. Around his neck, tucked neatly into his moose-hide collar, glared a bright scarf, while tied to his saddle was some packaged chicken noodle soup, oxo cubes and tea. I was the recipient of a moose-hide, stretched-and-braided, half-inch stake rope.

Pan had presented the long-haired Indian with a pair of socks for his squaw, some silver-plated conchos and snaps, an old pair of silver-mounted Crocket spurs, and an old Wyoming bucking-horse car license, as well as his assurance that white man would not bother Indian's beaver and his fur.

As they rode cheerfully away into the night, Pan turned to me and grinned. "Ya see, friend. It's just like I told ya. There's been a truce made. Those Ulgatcho fight men are ridin' away from here full of coffee and happy as boys. There was nothin' to handlin' 'em at all. Nothin' to it, boy. Nothin' to it at all."

I looked sourly at Pan through a blackened and partially closed eye.

(In the concluding installment, Pan makes an epic ride to civilization and meets a girl named Shorty.)

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Now I lay me down to sleep
So tired I could nearly weep
I dare not die before I wake
For tomorrow I must bake.
If I wake before I die
I'll make biscuits and a pie
Cookies, tarts and a cake
Oh darn—no wonder I'm awake!
At last my head stays on the pillow
Like a weary weeping willow
As thoughts of meals go flitting by
I know I'll wake before I die.

—Jean Elkins

Let your Baker be your Menu Maker!



LADY, here's a hint from your husband's waitress! Men pop into a restaurant for lovely baked things they "never get at home"!... Well! does that mean you have to start baking Danish Pastries, for example? Gracious, no! —let your baker do that! It's surprising the variety your baker has—everything from glamorous Chocolate Cake to tender, milky Scones. All delightfully fresh—they're baked every day! So decide now—call for your baker's help in your daily menu making.



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Published by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast as a contribution to the advancement of national welfare through increased consumption of Canadian wheat products.

Why Wives Are Going Out to Work

Continued from page 9

\$45.31. Yet the Welfare Council of Greater Toronto estimates that more than fifty dollars a week is necessary for the average family "to maintain a minimum level of health and self-respect."

The vast majority of women are not working to acquire luxury frills, but to pay for necessities—medical attention, fuel, housing and clothes. This winter two pre-school children of one Toronto family were forced to stay indoors for seven weeks because they didn't have warm outdoor clothing. They finally got out after their mother went to work and bought them clothes with her first month's earnings. Another woman, whose husband earned \$44.50 a week, was faced with the choice of staying at home and living in two furnished rooms with her three growing children, or of going out to work and moving into a roomier \$92 duplex. She went to work, like thousands of other women in similar circumstances.

Women workers complain bitterly because they receive much lower pay than men.

Discrimination in rates of pay to the sexes is clearly shown in a 1948 Dominion Bureau of Statistics survey. Women's weekly wages were 56.7 percent of men's, hourly earnings 63.6 percent. In the manufacturing industries the average man earned \$45.73 compared with the woman's \$25.91.

Typical is the union contract in a can-manufacturing plant where starting pay for men and women differs by ten cents an hour, or in a meat-packing plant where the difference is seventeen cents an hour. While the discrepancy is sometimes due to the men doing heavier work, just as often the women do comparable work for less pay. In one large retail store both men and women sell items like curtains and paint but there is as much as a twelve-dollar difference a week in their pay envelopes. In the shipping room of one firm men and women do practically the same jobs. Indeed, when the men are on vacation their places are filled by women—at ten dollars a week less.

Women feel it's still a man's world and that they're not given promotions simply because they're women.

In a metal products factory, for example, there are fifteen job classifications, the top one being Group 15 and paying \$1.62 an hour. Most of the women in the plant (of the 224 workers, 61 are women) are clustered in Group 2 where the starting pay is \$1.01½ an hour. No woman has gone past Group 4, nor is there a woman supervisor although there are at least a dozen female employees with fifteen years of experience. "There used to be a forelady," I was told, "but she was demoted when the war ended."

In a large retail store the heads of departments handling dresses, lingerie, infants' wear and alterations are all men. "It doesn't make sense," said one woman. "What does a man know about altering a woman's dress?" In a large banking organization, where fifty percent of the eight thousand employees are women, the stated policy is to keep women in lower-paying clerical jobs. "They can't supervise," explained a bank official. "When we give women staff responsibility the men under them just quit."

The average husband is bitterly opposed to his wife working, particularly when there are children in the family.

A group of ten married women I spoke to summed it up this way: "We don't know of a single husband who doesn't think, deep down in his heart, that his wife should be looking after her home and kids." In spite of all that has been said about the broad-mindedness of the modern male, many still feel more comfortable when they are the family's sole breadwinner.

Yet the modern husband, recognizing the circumstances which require his wife to work, is in conflict with himself. This does not help to promote a healthful and relaxed atmosphere in the home.

With married women leaving their homes, many children are being neglected.

Because we lack adequate day nurseries, working mothers are often unable to arrange suitable care for their children. Sometimes the solution lies

in boarding the children out and having them home for week ends. These private unsupervised boarding homes often abuse the child—physically or emotionally, or both. One mother had her two small girls in seven boarding homes in a two-year period. She removed the children from the last home because the landlady punished them for misdemeanors (both children were under seven) by locking them out until eleven o'clock at night. Another mother removed her five-year-old son from a country boardinghouse when the landlady raised four welts on his back

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*BAND-AID means made by Johnson & Johnson Limited.



The quick, easy way to bandage a toe splinter



with a strap for getting into a fight with her own son.

Social welfare agencies face an increasing demand for suitable boarding homes for the children of working mothers. Applications received by the Protestant Children's Homes in Toronto have jumped seventy-five per cent in the last year. The Children's Aid Society is being flooded with complaints about "latch-key children"—children who must return from school to face an empty house. Significantly, the society points out, many of these complaints are from districts where no cases of child neglect had ever been reported before.

The working mother leads a strenuous and hectic life.

After her work at the office or factory she must devote long arduous hours to household duties. Besides being physically exhausted the working mother is frustrated a good deal of the time: in the rush of daily events she seldom has time to do things as perfectly as she knows how.

One working mother, whose daily timetable I followed closely, told me that she is usually so fatigued after work that she is unable to meet the normal demands of her children. "I know I snap at them," she said, "but what can I do about it? I'm tired practically all the time. You have to be superhuman to carry such a load cheerfully."

This mother, who has three children under nine, starts her day at 7 a.m. While still in her pyjamas she supervises the children's dressing, sees that their lunches are ready, and prepares breakfast. When her husband and children have left at 8.15 she hurries into her clothes, runs for a streetcar, and at 8.45 checks in at the store where she works as a saleslady. She has her first food of the day—coffee and toast—at the ten o'clock break. At noon she eats her sandwiches, along with milk purchased at the firm cafeteria, in ten minutes, then goes up to the women's lounge to spend the remaining fifty minutes darning her children's socks or sewing.

On her way home she does her shopping, feeling guilty about buying expensive but easy-to-prepare cuts of meat. In her apartment she starts the vegetables and, with the help of her oldest child, tackles the breakfast dishes and unmade beds. When dinner is over at 7.30 she is so exhausted that

she lies down to nap for an hour. Up again, she performs the routine task for the night, which might consist of washing, ironing, or darning. Her last task, which often ends at one in the morning, consists of washing out the five pairs of family stockings.

"On Sunday, the day of rest," this mother remarked bitterly, "I put in an eighteen-hour day. I do all the odds and ends that have been neglected during the week." She gets up at eight o'clock to see that the children are off to church at nine, then enjoys the luxury of a hot bath. After the bath she goes into the kitchen and does not emerge until dinner is ready at 1.30, by which time she has made soup, roasted a chicken and baked a few pies. "I want the kids to remember that Mom occasionally cooked them a good meal," she says. On Monday morning she returns to work as tired as she left it.

But there is an emotional burden as well for the working mother. Traditionally, mothers have concentrated their energy on their husbands, children and homes. In her new role outside the home the mother is apt to feel guilty, since there is still a great deal of community feeling against the "bad" mother who goes off and neglects her children. This feeling of guilt makes her painfully sensitive. If her child falls ill or becomes involved in difficulties at school or in the neighborhood, she can't accept it as casually as the non-working mother. She is easily upset and may bark at her children. "Here I am working my fingers to the bone for you, and you go and get into trouble."

The working mother often finds that her husband has become a problem. The fact that his wife has had to leave the home reflects on his adequacy as a breadwinner. He says to himself, "If I were brighter, or if I had a better education, my wife wouldn't have to work." His wife and children may feel the effects of this bitterness in a number of ways: around the home father may become critical, short-tempered, overly sensitive and non co-operative.

What adds to the discomfort of working mothers is the fact that they are often unable to make suitable arrangements for the care of their children. The publicly sponsored nurseries of Toronto—a city of almost one million people—can accommodate less than 800 children, a mere drop in the bucket compared with the need. Private



RIDLEY COLLEGE FOR BOYS

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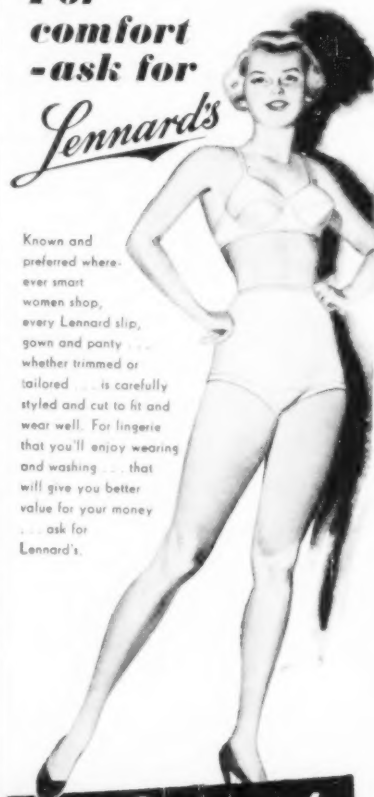
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nurseries aren't the solution because they too lack space, providing care for only part of the day, and furthermore they're usually too expensive.

Leaving children with relatives—usually grandparents—is a fairly common practice. Unfortunately, however, it is often an unsatisfactory arrangement. It's a terrific physical strain for a sixty- or seventy-year-old adult to take on the full-time care of a helpless infant or an active three- or four-year-old. "I'm made happy twice when my grandson is left with me," remarked one grandmother. "Once when he comes and once when he leaves. I like kids, sure—but I've raised four myself and I think I deserve a rest now."

There is often disagreement between the two generations about how a child should be brought up. One couple with children aged three and six finds that grandfather gives them a lot of religious teaching of a type with which the parents do not agree. There have been frequent quarrels about it but the parents find themselves helpless to do anything about the situation.

Failing to place their children in a nursery school or with relatives, many working mothers resort to private boarding homes. They insert an ad in a newspaper and arrange for the child to live in the home they select. There have been so many cases where the landladies of such boarding homes have neglected children that it has become routine procedure in Toronto for newspapers to hand over the names of advertising mothers to the Children's Aid Society. The agency will phone the parent and warn her of the dangers of the unsupervised boarding home. Such caution is the result of many unhappy private placements.

One mother has had her two boys in three homes during the past year and a half. In the first home the eccentric landlady would confine the children to their room for eight hours at a stretch if they lost a toy or an article of clothing. In the second home the two boys were neglected because the woman was keeping twenty-three other children, besides three of her own. In the third home the mother finally removed the children after she discovered that eleven-year-old boys and girls were sleeping in the same room.

Another working mother lived with two of her school-age children in a rooming house and placed the third—a three-and-a-half-year-old girl—in a home at the other end of town. While the mother was at work the little girl was delivered by taxi to the rooming house. The landlady, ill with 'flu, went into a panic because she couldn't reach the mother and was unwilling to accept responsibility in the matter. The frightened and bewildered child was temporarily bundled off to a children's shelter.

But these are gross examples of neglect. More common is the small child in a boarding home where he finds that no one is really interested in him; that there is no one to share, day by day, his disappointments and joys. Lack of real warmth and affection is real poison to a growing child. He may become listless, nervous, and later develop behavior problems.

Most mothers realize that they are needed in the home. But the need for extra income is so desperate that an increasing number have reluctantly concluded that they must go out to work. For example, there's the family where the father is a truck driver earning \$43 a week. There are three children and they live in a house which rents for \$70 a month and which they must heat themselves. Because they are burdened with an \$800 debt—medical and other bills—they are unable to buy fuel. Their credit has been

cut off. It's up to the mother to provide extra cash, which she's doing by working in a factory at \$30 a week.

There's another family with one child living in a large furnished room for which they pay \$50 a month. When the landlord discovered that the mother was expecting another child he badgered the family until they were forced to move into an unfurnished apartment at \$88 a month. The father couldn't stretch his \$50-a-week salary to buy home furnishings and pay the increased rent and the medical bills for the birth of the new child. He went

to a loan company and got enough money to tide him over until the mother is sufficiently recovered from her confinement to go to work.

There's an engineer earning \$4,000 a year who has his wife's parents—both in their sixties—as well as his two children dependent on him. He's trying to pay off the mortgage on his house, as well as the final \$400 he owes on his car, which he needs for his business. To help out, his wife has been working as a stenographer.

"What else were we to do?" she asks. "We figured that we were spending

\$1,000 a year more than we were making—all on necessities."

One working mother told me that she and her husband and three children had been moving from rooming house to rooming house, with no prospect of better accommodation because her husband's earnings were \$42 a week. The solution? They found an "inexpensive" room in an attic at \$40 a month, while the woman works as a waitress. She is trying to bank part of her pay each week to build up enough savings for a down payment on a bungalow.

The widespread need of Canadian

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families for a larger income is not fully reflected in the increased number of married women workers. Determined that their children should not be neglected by the mother leaving the home, thousands of Canadian men are now working night and day at two jobs. Thus store clerks work as musicians, bookkeepers take on interior decorating contracts, policemen drive cars, teachers deliver ice and so on.

It is not only married women with children who work. It has become increasingly common for girls to marry and to go on working until they have acquired furnishings or a down payment on a house.

The childless married woman worker often faces a painful dilemma: she would like to have children, but the family budget depends on a double income. Marion, for example, is twenty-eight years old and earns thirty-nine dollars a week in an electrical plant. When she was married four years ago it was decided that she would continue working and that the money would be used to purchase a ten - thousand - dollar house. "We wanted a roof over our heads," says Marion. "My husband and I both remember the depression." Marion is worried because she's getting older and still hasn't a family. At the same time she can't quit her job because her husband—a mechanic—makes only forty-five a week and can't carry a house on his income alone.

Dorothy, on the other hand, earns fifteen hundred dollars a year as a clerk in a bank and wonders whether it pays her to go on working. When she married two years ago—her husband is a chemist earning \$3,600—she thought she would be able to bank most of her money. It hasn't worked out that way. Her husband has been forced to pay higher income taxes, she has to pay carfare, buy lunches and always be dressed smartly. "If you don't look just right you hear about it," she says. They have been able to save little from her wages.

Like many other working women, Dorothy feels she is unfairly paid, mainly because she's a woman. Although fifty per cent of the bank staff is female, women are not admitted to the higher jobs. They do a variety of clerical jobs, starting at \$1,400 but seldom going beyond \$1,900, regardless of years of service. On the other hand, a young man over twenty-one with a senior matriculation starts at \$1,650 and after ten years averages about \$2,600 or \$2,700. If he has any ability he may be doing accountancy work and making between \$3,000 and \$3,600. In the past ten years at the bank where Dorothy works the proportion of women has doubled. Since women are confined to the lower ranks the men have a much better chance of promotion.

I heard the same complaint about discrimination in pay from a woman of twenty-six working in another bank. After four years she now earns \$1,400. She told me about a woman in the same branch with fifteen years' service making only \$1,500. Even when some of these veteran female employees assume the responsibility of higher ranks they do not get commensurate pay.

In practically every industry I went to the women strongly condemned the "double standard of pay." In a certain large retail store women start at \$24 to \$26 a week, while a young single man will get \$32. If the man is over twenty-five and married he can depend on \$32. Particularly women who are the sole support of their families—and they comprise possibly ten per cent of the female working force—say that this is a gross injustice. "When you pay your rent or your grocery bill

ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN SAYS:

WOMEN HAVE NO SENSE OF HUMOR

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

ON SALE MAY 25

there's not one price for women and one for men," they argue. "Why two rates of pay?"

In this retail store promotions run from sales clerk to section head, then to first assistant and then to department head. There are quite a few women section heads, which means a two-dollar weekly raise, but seldom are they promoted higher. "You won't see a woman with a good job in a men's department, but men run millinery, lingerie and dresses," commented one employee. "They should be women's jobs." In the grocery department, where two out of three workers are women, there's not a single forelady. In the business office there's a woman whose decisions can profit—or lose—the firm thousands of dollars each year. After fifteen years' service she still gets paid forty dollars a week. A man with comparable responsibility would be getting a minimum of fifty-five.

Will a Woman Work for a Woman?

Business executives I talked to claim there are good reasons why women are chiefly confined to the lower-paying, less responsible jobs. In brief, what they said was this: "Women enter a firm with the intention of staying only a short while; unlike a man, they're really not interested in a career. And while they're on staff they're not dependable—you never know when they're going to stay away."

The personnel manager for a large soap factory told me that during the war his firm admitted married women workers. "They had an absenteeism rate fifty per cent higher than other employees," he said. "What with their shopping, phoning, and trying to wedge in personal chores, they had a low record of efficiency." A paper company executive told me that during 1950 the office staff turnover for women was 21.4 per cent compared with 2.5 for men; in the factory it was 35.6 compared with 17.5. In an electrical firm the average woman worker is away three times as often in a year as the average man. In a large bakery the cake department always topped the list for absenteeism; significantly, it had the highest proportion of married women workers.

The reason married women give most frequently for absence is the pressure of family matters: the husband becomes ill, the arrangement made for the child's care has failed, or the home needs special attention. The head of one organization told me that before hiring a married woman he always asks what arrangements she has made for the care of her home and children. "If they're not good you can be pretty sure she won't be with us very long," he said. "Even if she does show up at work, through constant worry she'll snap at the customers and make mistakes."

However, apart from their dependability, there also exists a widespread doubt about woman's ability to be a good executive. The staff supervisor of one company which has branches across Canada observed: "When it comes to dealing with the public women are fine. But give them authority over other people on the staff and you have nothing but trouble."

The personnel director of ten thou-

sand workers, including two thousand women, told me that men won't do their best work for a woman boss. "They just don't have confidence in her judgment. The average man will figure, 'That woman is just like my wife. She's too emotional and too personal in her dealings. You can't trust her to do a responsible job.'"

I found that in some firms women were being held back by the antagonistic attitude of members of their own sex. "We put a woman in a supervisory position and we get constant complaints from other women that she's playing favorites," said the head of one firm. It was his opinion that men frequently play favorites too, especially when there are pretty girls on the staff, but somehow female workers find it easier to accept this type of conduct from a man than from another woman.

On the other hand, most women I spoke to denied that they had prejudices against executives of their own sex. They felt that if women often failed to make good at an executive job it was because they weren't properly trained to handle responsibility. "Men are carefully groomed for advancement," one woman pointed out. "They are given one promotion after another. Women, on the other hand, are rarely given any encouragement or opportunity."

With our defense industries gearing for greater production it is inevitable that the number of women workers will continue to grow. This being the case, it seems like a good time to re-examine our attitude toward women workers and take steps to protect both the workers and their families.

The Kids Shouldn't Suffer

In the first place, it would appear to be simple justice to give women the same pay as men where their production and efficiency are equal. There are many strong arguments to support the principle of equal pay. The butcher, the baker and the candlestickmaker don't have two prices—one for men and one for women. Equal pay affords the male earner and his family greater protection, since he's not likely to be fired by an employer who can get a woman to do his job for less money. Unequal pay is particularly unfair when the woman worker is a breadwinner, as is often the case where a woman is a widow, divorcee, deserted, separated, or the wife of an invalid. A lower scale of pay means that their dependents will suffer. At least one province, Ontario, is trying to correct this situation by legislative action.

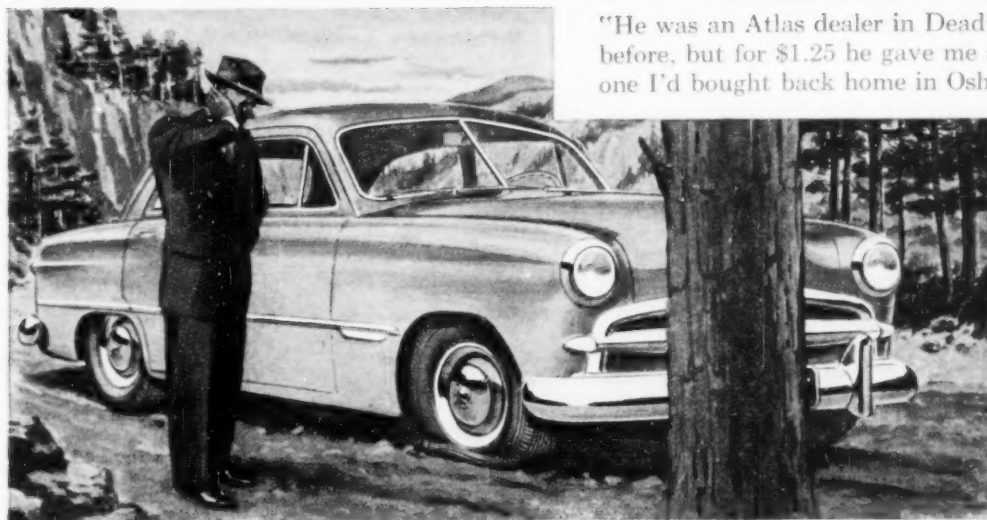
Second, there is an urgent need for more nurseries and day-care centres. Since conditions are such that women must work, we should make sure that the children are properly cared for and that families are enabled to carry on as units.

Third, since working full time and running a home is a physically and emotionally exhausting experience, we should try to provide more good part-time jobs. During the war some industries initiated special half-time shifts for married women. The morning shift lasted from 7.45 until 11.45. This enabled women to earn extra money and at the same time conserve some of their time and energy for home and family. ★

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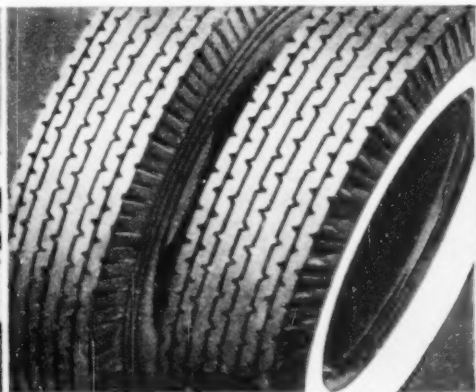


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"I showed him the tire and Guarantee. 'Sure', he said, 'your Guarantee is honored by 38,000 Dealers in Canada and U.S.'



"It specifies that your tire will give you service for a stated minimum period of time," he continued.

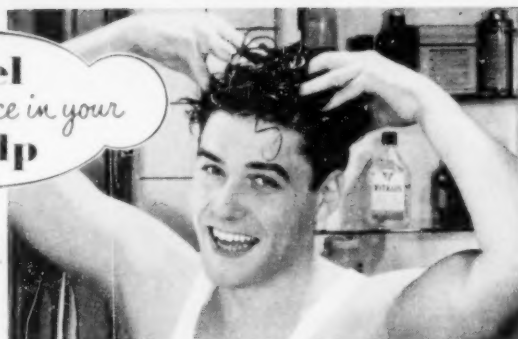
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The White Pagan

Continued from page 11

"Natives?" asked Reeta. He nodded. "A guy and a girl." "What are you laughing about?" "They haven't got any clothes on. Go get the other glasses."

As her tall figure vanished, Jack propped his elbows on the rail. He had the lenses directly upon the people now. The man—very young and huge—shouldered—stood shin—deep in the surf vigorously waving a dry palm frond. The girl remained on the beach, jumping up and down, slapping her hands overhead. The wind blew her black hair over her naked shoulders. As Jack watched, the gigantic image of Reeta's freckled elbow moved across his vision. "Get out of the way!" he shouted.

He heard her gasp. "Where in the world did they come from?"

Jack looked around at Teo. "You better take the dinghy ashore. Looks like they might be survivors off one of those schooners."

Teo nodded and motioned for the cook to take over the wheel. As he lumbered toward the dinghy, he said: "You want go, too, monsieur?"

"No. Take the steward." Jack raised his glasses again. Teo, during the past two weeks of fishing, had mentioned the hurricane which had ravaged the eastern reaches of the Paumotu islands seven months before. During the blow, several small inter-island sailing craft had disappeared.

Jack heard the plop of the dinghy as it struck the water. As he handed the oars down to Teo and the steward Reeta said: "Somebody else just came out of those bushes behind the palms."

Through the glasses, Jack's first impression of the new arrival was merely that of a thin body almost wholly covered with grey hair. Then he saw that the man's face and hands were lighter than the boy's and the girl's. He was bald, held one hand on his hip, the other over his eyes as he gazed at the yacht. From his chin straggled a short growth of white beard. A fleeting picture of himself in the man's position crossed Jack's mind. He said, "Imagine being stuck out there for seven months."

With the dinghy approaching, the boy had cast aside his palm frond and had run up the beach. He threw his arms about both the old man and the *vahine*, who continued to jump up and down in excitement.

"Big day for them," Jack said. "I suppose. Wonder what they lived on. They look healthy."

"Fish, probably." About a hundred palms grew on the atoll. "Water from the coconuts," Jack said. "I wonder if they're all right in the head."

Reeta pushed back her bangs. "Why shouldn't they be?" When he gave no answer she said, "That girl's darling."

She looked older to Jack than she had at first.

Reeta said, "Isn't that boy sweet, kissing the girl. Look."

"A hell of a time to be making love."

"Oh, Jack!" She flipped her cigarette disgustedly into the sea.

Jack blew his nose. When Reeta got back to Bakersfield, she would probably describe this rescue with a philosophical twist, try to make the castaways symbols of nature or something. The thought annoyed him. At the same time, he admitted to himself, the scene had a sort of primitive glamour. The girl made him think briefly of a south seas calendar which he had pinched from the Kern Vulcanizing Company, years ago. He had tried to copy the girl and the palm

trees in the calendar with his school paints.

The dinghy had almost reached shore now. Jack could see Teo feather his oars for a moment and turn to gauge the surf. As the boat finally caught a big comber in, the boy and the girl raced down and grabbed the bow. Jack picked up his camera.

"Where are you going to bunk them?" he asked Reeta.

"I don't know..." She sighed, removed a long red hair from her collar and tightened the blue polka dot scarf about her throat. "Here they come."

Jack polished his camera lens.

"Do you have to do that?" she said quietly.

"What?" "Take pictures before they get clothes on?"

He focused on the bobbing dinghy, already fifty yards from shore. The girl sat in the bow with her back to the yacht, her body a bright orange against the deep indigo of the sea. Jack hoped she would turn around.

"Please don't," Reeta said quietly.

"Get out of the way!"

The skin under her freckles reddened. "You!" She disappeared into the companionway. He adjusted for two hundred and fifty feet. As the boat came in range, the girl turned her face. She was no beauty, but very fresh and cute, certainly exotic. Nice white teeth. Long hair blowing in a black cloud. He got two good shots as she answered his wave.

He turned and took one of Reeta rounding the cabin with robes, for candid atmosphere. As the dinghy neared the hull he snapped three of the girl getting to her feet.

Reeta called overboard: "Hello, there!" To Jack she snapped: "Come on over here and be decent." As the

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I

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—Caroline Clark

dinghy bumped the hull, she added: "Welcome to the *Maruru*!"

"Thank you, thank you," the old man called up in a cracked voice.

"Here, put these on." Reeta tossed down the robes. Jack stepped from the rail and turned his collar with satisfaction. Now for a few close-ups.

In a moment the girl appeared over the yacht's side, clutching the front of Reeta's yellow robe with her brown hands. She blinked about the yacht. Then, freeing her hair from the collar of the robe, she smiled at Reeta, who said, "How are you, dear?"

"Allo," the girl answered timidly. "Are you . . . all right?"

The girl smiled, looked shyly at Jack and shook her head. Spoke no English, Jack thought, getting a picture of her brown feet under the yellow dressing gown. Her ankles, like those of most natives, were thick. But the thighs, Jack knew, were slender, as classic as the lines of her shoulders. "Hi!" he said.

"Allo."

She stepped aside to make room for the boy, whose big shoulders were stuffed into Reeta's White Terry cloth robe. The old man came next, bumping his head on the stanchion as he crawled under the rail chain. Rubbing his head

with one hand and holding Jack's brown robe about him with the other, he smiled at Reeta and said, "Well, well . . . this is certainly fine of you to stop for us." He said it as casually as a commuter being given a lift to town. As he held out his bony, sun-burned hand to Reeta, he said, "My name is Bromely, Richard Bromely."

"We're . . . glad we came by, glad to have you." Reeta's voice had a catch in it. "I'm Mrs. Howard and this is my husband."

Bromely's sharp nose and bald head reminded Jack of a pelican. But not his eyes. They were big eyes, brown, set deep in his head. As they shook hands, Jack nodded back toward the island. "Were you getting a little tired of the scenery?"

The old man's eyes rested on the camera. "A change is welcome." Drawing the girl and boy forward, he said, "Meet Liza and Chioti."

"You're off one of the schooners?" Jack asked.

"The mission boat from Makatea." Bromely glanced at the atoll. "There were forty-one persons aboard. We're all that's left." He looked about the broad expanse of deck. "Where are you people from?"

"California," Reeta answered. "Bakersfield."

Bromely gave Liza's hand a pat. "The great-grandfather of this one was an American Whaler." The girl looked up and said pertly: "Allo."

Reeta said: "You'll probably like to get into some clothes. Come this way. You and the boy can have the spare cabin and the young lady can use the storeroom up forward."

As the three started after her, Jack said: "We're heading back to Tahiti. Is that okay with you?"

Bromely nodded. "Of course. Any place where we can get transportation back to the mission. When do you plan to land in Papete?"

"Day after tomorrow."

"Good."

Jack took a last shot of them rounding the corner of the bulkhead. "A preacher," he thought. "Sort of a smoothie."

Giving the signal to Teo to resume full cruising speed, he propped his elbows on the rail and watched the atoll, falling astern now in the sunset. In his imagination he saw the figure of the girl jumping on the sands.

RICHARD BROMELY and the youngsters had been en route to Tahiti from Makatea, one of the larger Paumotu islands, when the hurricane struck, the missionary explained that evening at dinner.

To Jack the old man looked rather ridiculous, sitting there in one of Jack's own Waikiki sport shirts, one scrawny hand clutched around the stem of a wine glass. Taking a sip, Bromely explained that the occasion of the trip to Tahiti was a *himene* hymn contest. On the evening of the first day out storm struck. Before the captain could nose the schooner into the wind, two immense seas struck. "She broached then," Bromely said. "The next thing I remember, I had hold of a floating section of the wheelhouse. Sometime during the night, Chioti here . . ." He nodded at the boy . . . grabbed me and saved me from sliding off. He had found Liza clinging to the other side of the wreckage."

Chioti, combed, washed and dressed in shorts and a corduroy jacket, chewed his steak gravely. "Matai ino," Bromely said to him.

"E," the boy said in a deep voice, nodded, and picked up another piece of meat with his fingers.

Jack looked around at Liza seated beside him on the leather saloon seat.

"My favorite winter sport!"



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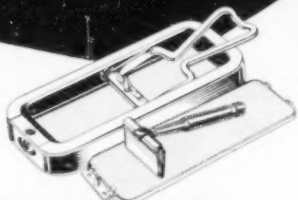
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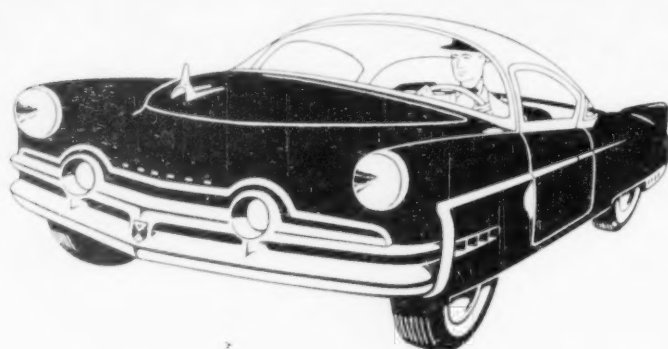


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MONTREAL

TORONTO

She wore a white linen dress of Reeta's. Her hair, brushed and parted in the centre, fell in soft, shining waves around her face. She crinkled up her short, brown nose at him.

"How long were you adrift?" Reeta asked Bromely from the other side of the table.

"We sighted the atoll on the afternoon of the second day. The wind was weaker by that time. When we came within a few hundred yards of it, Chioti swam in with Liza, and then returned and ferried me ashore." The deep lines in his cheeks softened in a smile.

"What did you think when you landed?" Reeta asked, closing a port-hole behind her. "Did you know you might be stranded for the rest of your life?"

Bromely poured hollandaise on his asparagus. "I suppose the question crossed my mind—I knew how seldom copra cutters touched at atolls with so few coconut trees. But my first thoughts were of food. I was thankful I had a knife." His sunken upper lip arranged itself in a lopsided smile. "May I have some more onions, please?"

When Reeta had passed them, he said: "I missed onions."

"I bet you did. You say you had a knife?"

"Yes. When I landed on the atoll I still had pants, or at least enough of them to include the pocket which contained my knife. Chioti used the blade to open shellfish. Later he carved fish spears out of palm limbs and made snares to catch terns. The remnants of my pants went into the snares. The children had been stripped of everything by the seas."

Jack, pushing back his dish, said, "Couldn't you make some kind of clothes?"

Bromely poked a piece of hamburger into the round orifice of his mouth. "We were too famished at first to bother. When we got around to the question, we knew that palm bark was the only material available, and that it scratched and fell apart. We gave up."

"Were you ever sick?" asked Reeta.

"Chioti was for a few days after a brush with a *patui*, a big-mouthed barracuda." To the boy he said, "*Iriti piraiara*."

Chioti opened his shirt and exposed a big purple scar running obliquely across his chest. Bromely said, "We thought we were going to lose him." He rubbed Chioti's black shock of hair. "While he was laid up, Liza and I got along on shellfish." He looked across the table at her. "We weren't very adept. But Liza did turn up a big pearl, didn't you, Trixie?"

She blinked at him over her piece of steak.

"Where is it?" Jack said.

"I think I had it with that handful of palm wood carvings that Chioti made, the ones I brought aboard. Or wait a minute . . ." He said to Liza, "*Tei hea poe*?"

She pointed to Chioti.

"*Poe*!" Bromely asked.

The boy tasted the hollandaise with the top of his forefinger. "*Aitia*," he said.

"He forgot and left it," Bromely said. "Anyway, Chioti recovered after a time, and the food problem vanished. Liza had two or three toothaches, but nothing serious. I felt fine."

A rain of spray came through the port behind Jack. As he leaned over Liza to close it, Bromely said: "You people are from Bakersfield, you say? I was through there in 1904. I suppose it has changed."

Reeta waited, as if it was time for Jack to speak. When he volunteered

OUTCLASSED

Reason with children, psychologists say;

And consistently I try,

Only to find that in every way,

They're better at it than I!

—Mary Richstone

no comment, she said. "It's quite a city." The bright look had left her face. "Jack owns an automobile agency."

"Have you enjoyed your trip down here?"

Again Reeta waited a moment. "It's a nice change," she said. Then, as Bromely looked around the green paneling of the saloon, she said: "We don't own this, just chartered it in Tahiti. We're going back on the freighter that's leaving Papeete for Honolulu day after tomorrow."

Jack watched Liza worrying her asparagus with a fork. He motioned for her to pick it up with her fingers.

"Cut Chioti more steak, Jack," Reeta said. Lighting a cigarette, she said to the missionary: "Did you ever get a . . . lost, frightened feeling, being all alone out on that island?"

"At first, yes." Bromely steadied his water glass as the yacht shook under the impact of a sudden sea. "I felt as though we didn't exist, really, didn't count any more. Then . . . God gradually made Himself felt. I saw how important we three were to each other and set about trying to make our small world a good one, a moral one."

Jack said after a moment: "Have any trouble?"

"Making it moral? Not much. We adopted the natural virtues as by-laws, the Platonic virtues. They're very simple and to the point."

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"What are they—?" Reeta asked idly. Jack twanged the tines of his fork impatiently. He heard the missionary name off four virtues for Reeta—temperance and fortitude and a couple of others. That was just window-dressing. What Bromely meant to say was that the kids were kept from getting any ideas. As he filled Liza's water glass, Reeta said: "How old are the youngsters?"

"Both fifteen. Liza's a little the older." He looked up suddenly at Liza. "You, you over there, you're a little trixie, aren't you?"

She cocked her head. "Treexie?" She laughed and, without warning, bounced off her seat and ran around the table to Bromely, throwing her arms around his neck and kissing his bald head.

Reeta said softly: "You were happy on the island, weren't you?"

Bromely spanked Liza, who was now tickling his nose with a strand of her hair. As she returned to her seat—her face still set in a mischievous grin—Bromely said: "The children named the atoll 'Oaoa,' which means 'good time' in Tahitian. I think they were happy. I was."

For a few moments only the creaking of woodwork and the far-off hum of the yacht's engines broke the silence. The steward, entering the saloon to clear, was followed by Teo, who asked Jack for instructions to give the night watch. Jack, watching Liza snatch a morsel of fat from the steak platter, said he would be out shortly.

When the sherbet came, Reeta said: "Do you think those months of . . . happiness will affect the children's lives?"

Jack yawned. He was tired of the conversation. Bromely was saying now: "Yes, I think a moral experience strengthens anyone. It provides a defense against evil from the outside." He finished his dessert. "By moral I mean, of course, something that brings true happiness to everybody concerned."

As he got up from the table a moment later and followed Reeta through the companionway, Bromely added: "I may be wrong."

"What sort of lives will the youngsters return to?"

"Liza is a waitress at the mission. Chioti helps his uncle on a tuna boat."

While Jack retired to the chart room and laid out the course, Reeta and Bromely took chairs under the awning. Through the port Jack could see Liza lean over the rail next to Chioti and point at the moon rising out of the sea. The air was soft and warm. As Jack returned, he caught the faint whiff of land smell coming down-wind from some unseen atoll to starboard. He heard Reeta say: "Jack and I needed a little variation from Bakersfield life, and Tahiti seemed to offer what Jack wanted in fishing and photography . . . he's quite good at taking pictures, usually. He has a portable dark room in one of the closets in our cabin."

To Jack, Bromely said: "I'd like to see some of your work." From the way he said it, Jack guessed that Bromely was thinking about the nude shots of Liza.

"Sure. Tomorrow." Jack went to the rail. If Bromely thought Jack would develop the color film, he was headed for disappointment. That had to be processed in the States.

After a while Bromely excused himself and retired to the big spare cabin to which Reeta had assigned him and Chioti. Jack was afraid that Liza might turn in, too. But she lingered on deck and after a time began singing for Jack and Reeta with Chioti.

They sang two-part sad, wild Paumotu songs Jack had never heard

before. First Liza's voice would break, then the boy's. As Jack watched her standing there with her head thrown back, the moonlight white on her throat, he felt as though the magic of the south seas had at last made itself felt to him aboard the *Maruru*.

Long after the music was over, Jack sat alone under the awning, still hearing the pagan notes soaring off into the warm night. He could see her there before him . . . one foot up on the stanchion chain, her white dress whipping in the breeze, her face smiling at him as she sang.

WHEN Jack got up the next morning, he knew how far his intentions had progressed, in what direction, and how useless it would be to try to divert the forces which impelled him toward the decision. It was always like this. In Fresno, San Francisco, Detroit—wherever business took him—if a challenge of this sort arose, he would weigh possibilities, dismiss the finer points, and act. There had been a time when he had debated moral issues. That had passed. By the time a man was forty, he found that the divisions between so-called right and

wrong were indistinct. Denying himself earned few rewards, indulgence few penalties. Follow the impulse, intelligently, of course.

He leaned on the rail, watching the pink dawn color the Paumotu sky. The project in mind had an unpleasant drawback. A yacht was small, and confined movements. This would mean that bribes must be distributed and perhaps an undignified strategy planned. There was the old man to remember. And Reeta.

He stared at a whitecap splashing past. What combination of needs made

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men take on projects such as this? He thought of a collection of photographs which reposed in a secret drawer in his safe at the Howard Automobile Agency in Bakersfield, pictures of girls he had known. The collection possibly was evil, in a way. Yet the sight of the faces buoyed him, charged him with a feeling of strength and aggressiveness which often resulted in, among other things, sales. Some day in the future when things were on temporary down-grade, he might direct his thoughts back to this voyage and the girl, Liza, probably with benefit. He allowed his mind to go no farther. Too much thinking about such matters mixed a man up.

He walked into the saloon and ate breakfast. Knowing that the day would be a long one, he left the table before any of the others arrived and busied himself with small chores about the boat. For two hours he dismantled and packed his portable dark room. At nine o'clock he took a turn about the deck, checked the plugs for motor fuel, and, going below, supervised the engineer in cleaning the diesel blocks. On deck again, he reprimanded Teo for spilling red lead in the paint locker and then passed him a thousand francs, along with instructions for the coming night. Though Jack's plans—and prospects—were still nebulous, he wanted the stage cleared. Teo's faint smile annoyed him.

Leaving the helmsman, Jack ordered champagne chilled for dinner, then crossed the foredeck to Liza's quarters in the storeroom. The cabin was empty, the door ajar, squeaking in the movement of the deck. It was twenty-five paces from the storeroom to the mid-ship companionway. Wondering why he had measured the steps, Jack returned to his cabin and surveyed an old gold wrist watch in his cuff link case.

It was ten-thirty by this time. Reaching the afterdeck, Jack greeted Bromely, who sat under the awning talking with Reeta, now shortening a yellow peasant dress for Liza. Chioti, sitting cross-legged on the deck in one of the crewmen's red pareu cloths, carved on a piece of balsam. Liza, in a pair of rolled-up dungarees and white starched shirt, swung aimlessly on the back of Bromely's chair. "Hello," Jack said.

"Allo."

"Want to fish?" He pointed at his rods and tackle aft.

She danced toward him. After he baited her hook, he took a shot of her squatting native-fashion on the deck, the pole in her chubby hands. Streaming his own line, he lowered himself into the trolling chair.

It was pleasant in the sunshine. Far off to the southeast in the direction of Tahiti, a few cumulus clouds poked over the horizon. There would be squalls later. As an atoll came abeam of the yacht, he touched Liza on the shoulder and pointed, saying: "Like Oaoa island, yeh?"

She smiled, poked back the artificial gardenia Reeta had put in her hair, and shook her head. "Alta Oaoa." She made a gesture that included Bromely, Chioti, and herself. "Oaoa."

Jack's eyes wandered over the lines of her body sharply outlined under the white shirt. He wanted to say something such as: "Oaoa Maruru?"—which conceivably might mean: "Good time on the yacht Maruru?"—but he checked himself. He turned from her, both shocked and a little amused at the sudden tingling in his calves and thighs.

At eleven Jack could stand the restless feeling within him no longer. He told Reeta to get the steward's guitar so they could have some music. Chioti

It's Tougher Than You'd Think

"Guess what I paid for this little rump roast?"

She asked. So I guessed, but I never come close.

—Cliff Mackay

took over on the instrument and began singing with Liza, so spiritedly that Teo at the wheel swung into an *upa upa* dance.

"You, too," Jack urged Liza. She threw herself into the dance vigorously, hips swaying, hair flying in the breeze. Jack had never seen movements so alive and abandoned, yet so graceful. The faint sound of her bare feet twisting and squeaking on the teak deck brought the perspiration to his palms. Each time she approached him with her *upa upa* sway, she threw him a great big smile.

It was hard to settle down at lunch, after the performance. It was even more difficult to get into a siesta mood still later. Jack slept but for a few minutes, dropped off thinking that today was one of the longest he had ever spent, and awoke with the same thought. To break the back of the afternoon, he saddle-soaped his camera cases, reopened his developing box and examined his black and white pictures. They looked very poor, now. Thinking of the color film he had taken of Liza yesterday, he felt a wobbly sensation ascend from the soles of his feet. The human body, Jack thought, was a funny damned thing.

Finally, it was four-thirty, time to take the wheel from Teo, who might have an extra spell ahead of him at the helm tonight. The sea was running higher, the sun had disappeared behind the approaching thunderheads. As Teo retired toward the galley, gusts of wind whipped out of a squall bearing down from the north. Jack did not hear Bromely come up behind him. When the old man said: "Looks like a little weather," Jack jumped.

He answered: "Just a squall."

"Yes." Bromely put his hands in the pockets of the Hawaiian sport suit. "What time do you think we'll make Papeete tomorrow?"

"About ten in the morning."

"We'll be glad to help you take your things ashore."

"It's all arranged." Bromely probably wanted to get one more good meal off the yacht. Aloud Jack said: "You better hang around and have lunch aboard."

"Thanks, we'll go to the Papeete mission."

"Will you have any trouble getting a lift back to Makatea?"

"There will probably be some copra cutters running."

The conversation came to a halt. Jack, glancing briefly at the wrinkled face and deep, brown eyes, guessed why they found it so hard to make talk. Bromely was wise. It was as though he were saying aloud: "I know what's in your mind. Are you going to try to get away with it?"

Fortunately, at that moment the squall whistled down upon the boat. Over the sound of wind and rain Jack yelled at Bromely to take refuge under the awning.

"Can I bring you a raincoat?" the old man called.

Jack shook his head. He knew that the cold lash of rain would feel good, might help relieve some of the tightness inside him. The yacht bucked.

Jack was kept busy for several minutes holding the yacht's nose or

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I never come

—Cliff Mackay

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course. His hands felt good on the spokes. There came more rain, a big downpour, which obliterated Bromely's figure and the rest of the deck.

Fifteen minutes later, when Teo sloshed toward the wheel in a *pareu*, Jack felt fine, better than he had all day. As he relinquished the helm, he said: "I'll let you know about nine whether to take over or not."

Teo nodded.
Jack said: "You gave the crew their instructions?"

"Out."

"I'll see you."

Jack headed for the cabin. The day, thank God, was over. Now for a shower, a few drinks, dinner. He hoped Reeta would elect to skip cocktails today, as she often did for slimming purposes. He wanted to be alone and plan.

She was not in the cabin when he arrived. But as he emerged from the shower room a few moments later, she had entered and was at the port, staring at the rain. She had removed her slacks, stood there in her white blouse and shorts. Her hair, dampened by the rain, lay in red ringlets on the back of her head. She took long steps to the night table between the beds, where the gin and vermouth waited.

As Jack passed the porthole he could hear faint giggles outside over the splash of rain on the deck. It was Liza in a *pareu*, washing her head in the downpour. She shrieked and threw the soap at Chioti. With a last glance at her wet body, Jack stretched out on his bed. The yacht was taking the sea on the quarter now. Reeta steadied the mixer. "Feel like a talk?" she asked, as she poured the martinis.

Jack frowned and turned on the rosette switch of the bed lamp. "About what?"

"Us."
Jack hoisted a pillow behind his head. He said: "Aren't you old enough to take or leave treatments?"

Her head snapped up. In that moment, with her neck hidden in the shadows, she looked young and very alive. "You mean my talks with Bromely?" she asked.

"What else?" It was strange, Jack thought, how women got interested in men who appealed to them on the so-called upper levels, put store by what they said. Men who talked about platonic morals. Jack ate his olive. When she did not say more, he said: "What are you going to do tonight?"

Might as well find out how the land lay, in case.

"I'm going to teach Mr. Bromely Canasta. Not for long, I'm tired."

That meant she would probably turn in about ten. Jack said: "I may have to stand a trick at the wheel; the night man has a cold." A big wave slapped the hull. Jack watched the grey spray rise outside the port, hang in the air a moment, and then whisk aft.

She asked abruptly: "Why don't you like him?"

"Bromely? I haven't got anything against him."

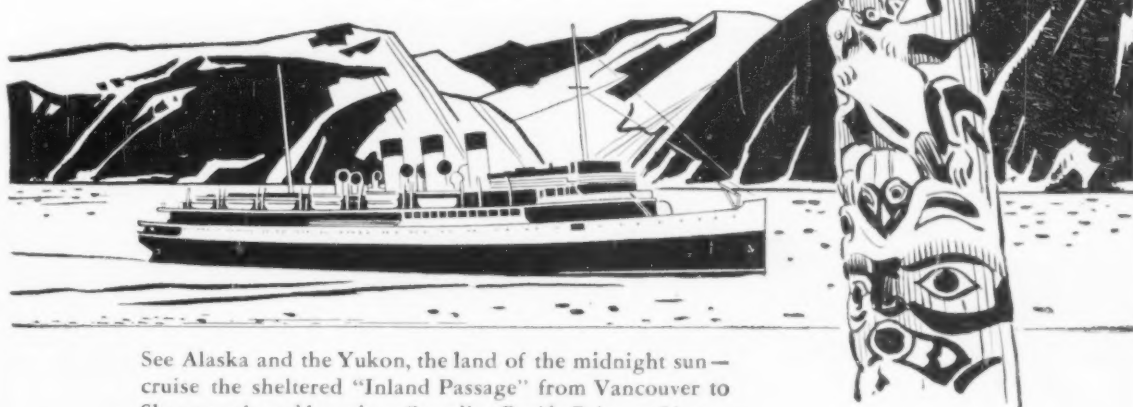
"You're so rude." She sat on her bed. "And he's got so much to say you ought to listen to."

Jack tapped his empty glass against the mixer for more. As she filled his glass he heard the door across the companionway leading to Bromely's and Chioti's cabin squeak open. There was the faint sound of laughter, joined by Liza's giggling. Then the door slammed and Liza's footsteps padded down the companionway to her quarters in the forepeak. Reeta nodded in the direction of Bromely's door. "You just won't see, will you?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"You do, too. The same thing we've

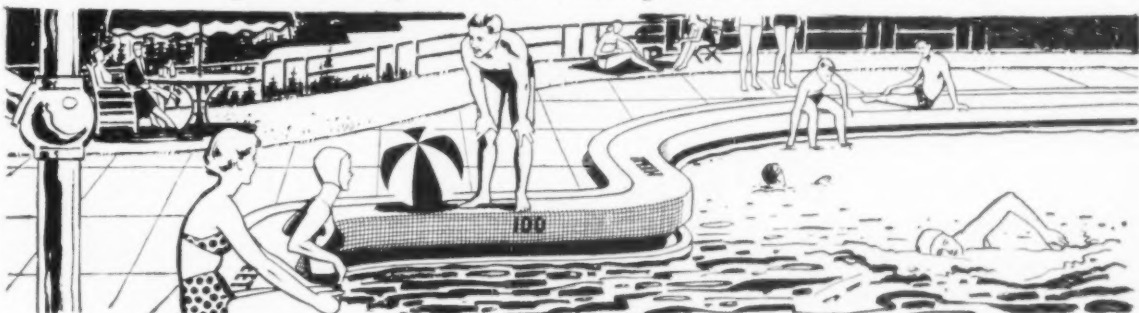
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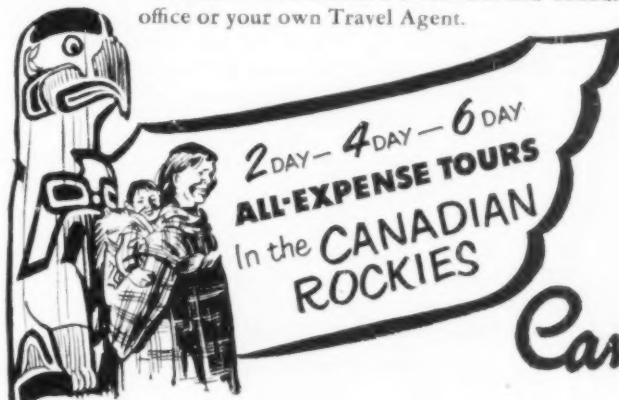
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discussed a hundred times or more."

Jack yawned. Of all the nights to bring up this old routine. But he had better just lie here and let it go on. He closed his eyes.

The bottom of her glass clicked sharply against the table top. "If you can't see what's happened around here in the last twenty-four hours . . . the thing that those three brought aboard with them . . . and what a couple of clowns it makes of us . . ." Her voice faltered.

This was always just under the surface with Reeta. Because of it she

had left him a year ago, but only for a month. This would blow over.

She had turned at the dressing table. Nodding at the companionway door, she said, "I want some of that, Jack."

"What?"
"Their . . . Oaaa feeling. The simple affection . . ."

"Oh, hell, baby . . ."

She slammed down her brush. "All you have to do is try."

"All right, all right."

"Jack, really." Her voice was softer now. She sat on the bed beside him.

"I saw it all this afternoon, as I was

sitting on the deck with the three of them. I saw it more clearly than if you'd done something to really hurt me."

Jack twisted around and set his glass on the table.

She went on: "I saw all ten years of our marriage stand up and laugh at me."

"That's putting it pretty strong, kid."

"I mean it." She stood up. "We've got so far away from simple things, we're not married. And they are."

"You say that?"

"I mean they've got something real. I want affection, Jack. And you've got it in you to give, if you would."

He lighted a cigarette.

She said: "Nothing to say to that?"

"Go take your shower, pet." This discussion, now that it was over, seemed as stupid as a scene in one of Reet's confession magazines. "What are you standing there for?" he asked.

She had one foot inside the bathroom. "Unless you wake up, I'm going to act, Jack, when we get to Honolulu. You think it over. I'll make it stick this time."

The door slammed.

JACK seated himself in the dining saloon. No one had yet arrived. He called in the steward, ordered his soup, and sat staring at the familiar surroundings, the light green panels with the pink carved trimmings, the green curtains swaying at the ports, the round expanse of tablecloth before him.

He peered at Reet's empty swivel chair to his left, at Bromely's across from him. He felt a little lost. That time when Reet had taken off, things had been bad. But she had returned. He held the thought for a moment, then closed his mind temporarily on the matter. He ran his hand along the leather bulkhead seat. Soon Liza would be sitting here. He fingered the gold wrist watch in his pants pocket. She liked him. He could tell that from her responses. They said that Polynesians were naturally friendly and gave the impression of encouraging advances falsely. This was different. He had been around.

He had nearly finished his soup when the others sauntered in. His first glance was toward Reeta. She looked calm enough, wore that black and white checked dress which made her hair look like fire. She was chatting animatedly with Bromely. As the old man helped her into her chair she turned to Jack and said: "Hello."

"Hello."

Bromely, still wearing the sport shirt with the ukuleles and pineapples, smiled. Just as he sat down, the deck heaved and he fell awkwardly between the arms of the chair. Chioti helped straighten him out. Liza, wearing the yellow dress which Reeta had altered for her, slipped in the seat beside Jack. "Allo."

Jack gave her a wink. She giggled. A piece of carrot fern, snatched from the galley, Jack guessed, was stuck in her hair.

Out of the wide neck of the peasant dress her bare shoulders rose like two mounds sculptured from butter and honey. He said, "Get your head clean?" and made a shampooing motion. She laughed and brought down his head, as if to examine its condition. He was grateful for his thick growth of black hair.

As he straightened, Reeta was saying to Bromely: "We're all the same, my sort. We go to college and get a smattering of knowledge and then forget it before we have an opportunity to really apply it to life."

Bromely moved his water tumbler, clinking against his wine glass. "On Oaaa life was easier to regulate than in Bakersfield, I imagine." He smiled at Jack. "We're back on the subject of the Platonic virtues."

Jack drank his wine. Would Bromely go so far as to post a guard outside Liza's door? Jack guessed not. There was a lofty quality about the preacher that probably would prevent his stooping to that.

" . . . justice, temperance, fortitude and prudence." Reeta was repeating. Jack moved Liza's empty soup plate aside and helped her to chicken, fried



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Her brown fingers wrapped about the bone end of the chicken leg.

Jack stabbed a breast. Gnawing it, he tried not to listen to the talk going on across the table. "Marriage?" Bromely was saying. "I should think that fits into happy living, even though most men aren't strictly monogamous by instinct."

"Why have marriages?" Reeta asked. "More justice with it—gives every man a chance, you might say."

Jack looked down at Liza, who was picking a fallen shred of chicken from the ruffle on her bosom. Slowly he put his hand into his pocket, transferred the gold wrist watch from one hand to the other under the table cloth, and then, with a nudge of his knee, thrust it into her lap. He grabbed her hand tightly to let her know she should not say anything. He felt her stiffen. Slowly she raised her face, whispered "Maruru." Jack knew what that meant. It was the name of the yacht, "Thank You." He squeezed her hand. His palm was sweating again.

Quickly he looked out the port. He heard the clink of the steward's bottle on his glass, heard Chioti mumble in native at Liza. Over the sounds, Reeta's voice spoke up: "Jack, listen to this."

He looked around, his face burning. He only half heard her say "... that side of you, Jack, you know. Look."

He did not know where the conversation had gone. Blinking across the table he saw that a wood carving about six inches high stood on the tablecloth, rocking a little with the motion of the boat. It was a miniature wave. When he got his attention fixed on it, Jack rather admired the shape. Something in the cupped part of the curve suggested the blue-green quality of a breaker before it toppled. He had lost one of his cameras in Tahiti trying to catch that effect under the lip of a wave.

"Chioti carved it today," Reeta was saying. "And I was telling Mr. Bromely about how gifted your mother said you were at that age ... the things you used to paint with your water colors."

Jack looked at her in annoyance. But she continued, "Mr. Bromely thinks you ought to paint down here in the south seas, that nobody can catch the beauty with photography."

Bromely did not seem to be affected by Jack's show of displeasure. He said, "To capture the real quality of nature, and of people, I think that one must—to misquote the Scriptures—put a bit of oneself into it."

"Interesting," Jack said.

Reeta took the carving and ran her thumb under the cupped part. "Thank you very, very, much, Chioti."

The boy smiled.

No one said much after that. As the steward removed the plates and served cheese, Jack gave Liza a little nudge to indicate that he wanted to get out of the seat. "You'll excuse me," he said to Reeta and Bromely. In leaving, he brushed Liza's thigh.

Out on deck Jack could hear Bromely's voice faintly through the open port. Jack moved out of earshot. The last he heard was something about love being a part of morality's defense against immoral action.

WHEN Jack took over the wheel from Teo at nine, the sky had cleared enough to allow moonlight to flood here and there down over the sea. Looking at the great heaving mass of water, patched in black and silver, Jack felt a quickening of pulse. When he was a boy he had dreamed of this—trade winds, a tilting deck, moon-

light, and someone exotic to share it with.

He pulled the yacht to the starboard a few points, to clear course around an atoll rising and falling with the horizon. It looked to be about the size of Oaia, astern now and part of the past. He stepped to one side of the helm grating and peered through the companionway to the shadow of the girl's door up in the forepeak. Was she asleep?

He glanced at the lighted binnacle. After singing a while with Chioti after dinner, Liza had turned in. First she

had said good night to Reeta, teaching the preacher Canasta in the saloon. Through the port Jack had seen her kiss the top of Bromely's shining head. Her laugh sounded like her music. A moment later she had slipped up to the starboard funnel where Jack stood, whispered "Maruru" in his ear, and brushed his cheek with her lips.

They had been alone. Chioti had already disappeared down the companionway leading to the cabin he shared with Bromely. Jack had taken Liza about the waist and kissed her on the mouth. She looked at him

thoughtfully, silently, and then with a sigh, broke away. Jack would have thought that her attitude held a certain sadness, something of consolation, had he not known better. At the corner of the deckhouse she paused, looked around and waved.

If he had harbored any doubts the kiss had banished them. As his heart pounded, the night seemed to acquire a sense of the inevitable. Dazedly he saw the lights in the saloon go out. When Bromely called out a good night a moment later; when Reeta stuck her head up to the port of their cabin and

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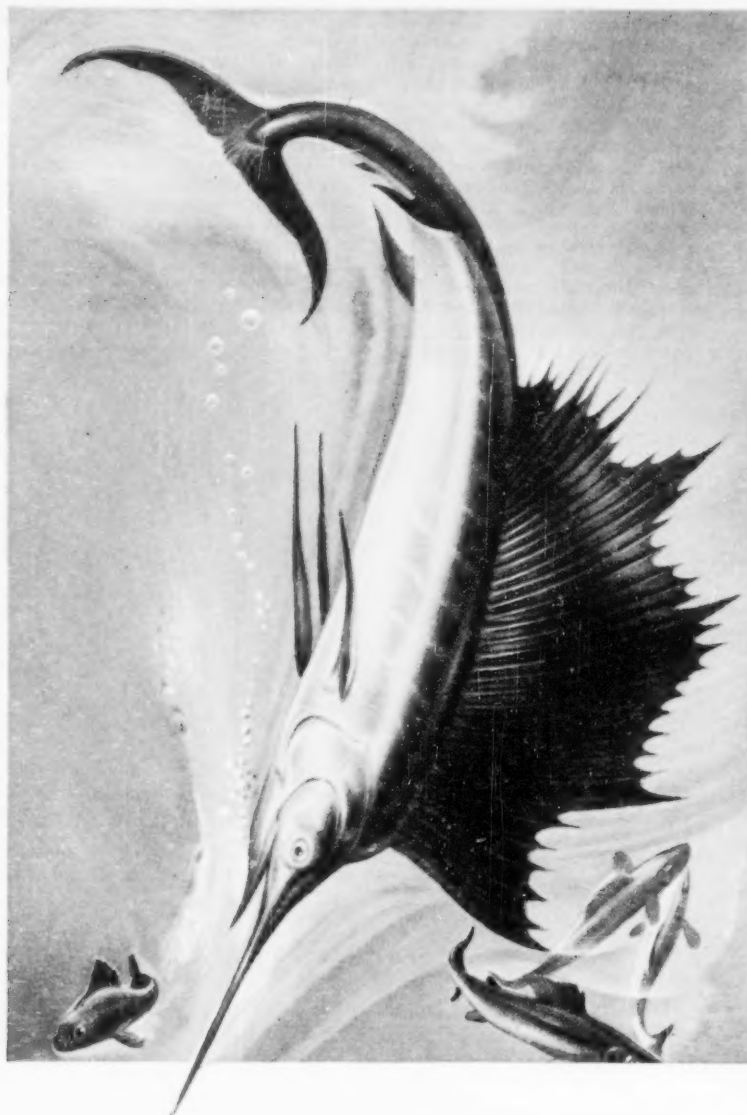
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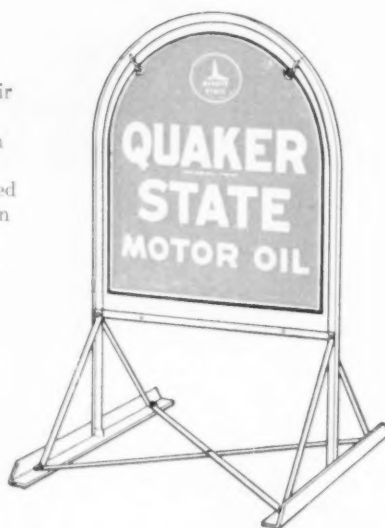




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asked him how long he would be at the wheel; when he told her until midnight—through it all. Jack felt as if some other person were standing in his place, as if he himself had progressed into the future and were looking back on the scene over a passage of time.

That had been at nine. Now, at ten-thirty, all the ports were dark. As the yacht entered another broad patch of moonlighted sea, Jack saw Teo tossing a cigarette from the port passage. He approached noiselessly on bare feet. On his face, Jack noticed, was the 1,000-franc smile. "Maintenant, monsieur?" the Tahitian asked.

Jack gave over the wheel. With a nod midships he said: "Remember, if anyone calls for me, I'm down in the engine room fixing the evaporator. Are the crew all ordered below decks?" Teo nodded.

Jack removed his shoes. Carrying them in one hand, he ducked around the corner of the deckhouse.

At the passageway he paused to catch his breath. Through the funnel came the sound of the engines' soft, monotonous hum. The breeze was down. He listened to the splash of waves on the bow. Over in the starred arch of the sky the Southern Cross dipped with the movement of the rail. A heel? he thought.

No. Things like this had occurred before and had hurt no one. And this urge was deep down, the dynamite feeling.

He glanced over the rail at the black

waves, curved undersides sparkling in the moonlight. He placed his shoes behind the funnel. Straightening up, he caught sight of the atoll he had sighted earlier in the evening, a magic isle in the darkness. He chewed his lip, looked across the tilting, moon-swept deck. Well, there it was, a few feet away. He wiped the sweat from his forehead.

The port side of her cabin was in shadow, but not the starboard, where her door was. He looked around, then quickly, without sound, crossed the deck. No light shone from her port. He put one hand on the knob, pausing for breath. He had to stop this jittering, be calm, forget for a moment the image of her lying inside.

He put one foot on the raised threshold, turned the knob. The door was unlocked. With a last look at the empty deck he applied gentle pressure against the door. Inside there sounded a padding of bare feet. The door opened a crack.

He braced himself against a sudden roll of the yacht, pressed harder. The door opened about six inches. In the faint reflection of the moonlight he could see the flesh of a shoulder.

"It's me, Jack," he whispered. He put his hand on the shoulder and squeezed gently. Under his fingers the muscles hardened like rock.

He stood there with his mouth open. The door swung open. He saw the body, the big, purple scar across the chest. He felt the young, male arm thrust forward.

FOOTNOTES ON THE FAMOUS

Lucky Break For The Bulgars



Mackenzie King said "Bah!"

ONE spring day ten years ago a messenger came up from External Affairs headquarters in the East Block to Laurier House, Ottawa home of Prime Minister W. L. Mackenzie King, with a document recommending that Canada declare war on Bulgaria. It needed King's signature before going to cabinet because he was then External Affairs Minister.

Two of the P.M.'s top assistants looked it over. They knew King was a man of moods and that his moods had to be gauged accurately if things were to get done. They thought the mood was right for this particular moment.

King looked over the document. A frown came to his face and Canadian foreign policy started unfolding on his lips.

"We have just recently declared war on Rumania and Hungary," he said. "We have just recently declared war on Finland. We have just declared war on Japan. We have been at war with Germany and Italy for two years. Do you gentlemen know any good reason why we should declare war on Bulgaria?"

The assistants were taken aback but one of them managed to say that it was a matter of Allied solidarity. Everybody was doing it. The Bulgarians had joined the Axis. The Allies were therefore declaring war on the Bulgarians. King merely snorted.

The assistants tried another flank. "An RAF plane may get shot down in Bulgaria with a Canadian in the crew," one said. "The Bulgarians might shoot him as an international outlaw."

"Bah," said King. "The Bulgarians wouldn't know a Canadian from a Welshman. They think we're all English."

He paused, then concluded, "This business of declaring wars has gone quite far enough."

The assistants retired. The document went back to the East Block. And that's why Canada didn't draw the sword against the Bulgarians.—Doug How.

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"Aita popaa!"

The powerful push of the hand sent him spinning backward. His forehead hit the paint locker bulkhead with a crack. Over the roaring in his ears he heard the sound of laughter. The door slammed.

Numbly Jack stood staring at it, rubbing his forehead. From aft came the faint chime of six bells. He shook his head to clear it. Cautiously, striving to keep his balance, he crossed the deck to the funnel, unconsciously counting the steps. He lowered his head, aching now as though it had been hit with a hammer. He wanted to laugh, and tried. Nothing came.

"They make us look like a couple of clowns..."

In a minute he would get his breath. His stomach would right itself. Suddenly he heard a voice. It was Bromely, standing before his cabin. "Here, Howard," he said. He held out the gold wrist watch.

Jack received it in silence. The old man said: "She loves Chioti. That was part of the rightness they found. They're going to be married at the Mission." He turned and disappeared into his cabin.

As Jack stepped through the doorway to his own cabin, the light over Reeta's bed snapped on. She stretched and said: "You're early." She had her good-sport smile on. Looking at her wrist watch, she yawned: "Did Teo relieve you...?" She stopped. She had seen his forehead. "What's the matter? Where did that blood come from?"

She sat up. Her eyes ran up and down him. They paused at the sight of his stockinged feet, at the forgotten wrist watch dangling from his hand. She looked at the companionway behind him, then forward in the direction of Liza's cabin. She said at last in a voice he had never heard before: "It had teeth, eh Jack?"

He said nothing. "Now what?" she said. He did not know. He was conscious only of a fear rising within him. He felt the fear take form. Reeta said, "Get out, Jack!"

He stumbled forward. "Reet...?" "Get out!"

She was standing on the deck, her eyes blazing. She was pushing him through the doorway. Behind him the latch clicked.

He walked to the rail and sat down with his back against a stanchion. Tomorrow he would reason with her. But even as the thought shaped he knew that tomorrow would be uncertain. The thing with which he had bound Reeta to him had not held. He slumped to the deck and pillowed his sore head on his arm. The Southern Cross still rose and fell in the moonlight. It was far away now. It had come close to him, with its force of destruction. He must not think about that. He rolled his head away, closed his eyes, and strove for the sanctuary of sleep. ★

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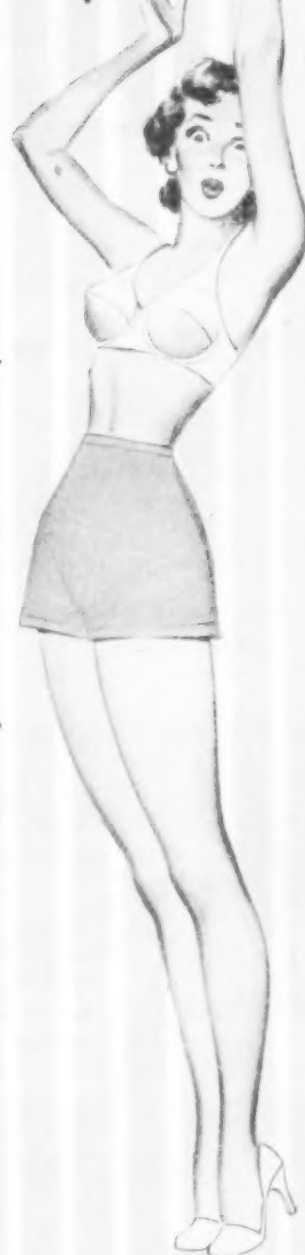
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Why Uncle Sam Has Blocked the Seaway

Continued from page 17

spokesman, who'd held forth at some length on the shameless iniquity of the seaway scheme, how it happened to get such distinguished backing—all of the last five presidents, and such men today as General Marshall and Charles Wilson?

"Politics," he said. "They think it'll get them votes." He was not trying to be funny, either.

Both sides issue great quantities of literature and oratory, none of it very convincing. To the onlooker, each case seems to be grossly oversold.

For example, when the railways calculate their losses from the seaway scheme at two hundred million dollars, they not only take the highest traffic estimate for the St. Lawrence, but they include fifteen millions for coal that they would have hauled to steam-generating plants if it hadn't been for the St. Lawrence hydro development.

On the other side, the Commerce Department estimates traffic on the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence system as high as eighty-four million tons a year, though the most the Welland Canal can handle is sixty millions.

These mutual overstatements contribute to the dreariness of all discussion about the seaway. Nothing is so dull as a disputed statistic, and all seaway statistics are in dispute. That is the other and perhaps the major factor against the seaway. To most people the whole project is a stupefying bore.

Canada's Good Bargain

One evening in Washington I had dinner with a man from Syracuse, N.Y. Syracuse is near the Canadian border, one of the cities which will benefit most from the power development. If any place would be seaway-conscious you'd think it would be Syracuse. So I asked him what people thought of it back home.

"The scheme is so old," he said, "we've mostly forgotten it. I don't think you'd find five people in town who know the arguments for and against. All we know, Truman is for it—so people who don't like Truman are against it. That would be a majority, I'd say. Dewey (Governor of New York) is for it—so the people who don't like Dewey are against it. That's quite a few, too. Roosevelt made the deal in the first place, and nobody thinks Roosevelt made good deals."

That's right in the seaway's back yard. Elsewhere they seldom hear of it at all. When the House committee hearing reopened in April no Washington paper carried a line about it. The New York Times had an item on page 55; so far as I know that's all the publicity the hearing got.

Not that it deserved any. These proceedings are indescribably dull. Hour after hour members ask questions to which they know the answers. Like damned souls bound to an eternal routine they make the debating points they made last year, listen to the same ripostes, pile up the same mound of official record. There hasn't been anything new to report for years.

While I was there most of the comment and questioning seemed to be favorable rather than hostile to the seaway, but the air of ritual smothered hope. It was hard to imagine this committee ever finishing its enquiry, ever composing a report. As the weeks slid by, the few Canadians who paid any attention grew pessimistic. It has a better chance

Maclean's Magazine, May 15, 1951

this year then ever before, they kept saying—but they knew that didn't mean much. Ten times nothing is nothing.

One question that kept coming up, as opposing witnesses were examined, was: "What would your attitude be if Canada should undertake this project alone? Do you still think the U. S. ought to stay out?"

Witnesses disliked giving a yes-or-no answer. They'd say, "We don't think Canada would or could do it." One railway spokesman told me he thought Canadian talk about doing the job alone was pure bluff.

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He was wrong. It's not bluff, although there's no indication that it's a firm Cabinet decision yet, either. Some ministers and some officials, though, believe quite soberly that Canada should do this job and should begin this year. They are keeping quiet about it for the moment, lest they encourage American congressmen to say, "All right, if Canada wants to do it let her do it." But they are opposed to waiting any longer for Congress to act because conditions will never be more favorable than they are this year. If approval can't be won now, it can't be won at all.

But doing it alone is a very different matter from doing it jointly. The Seaway Agreement of 1941 was a good bargain for Canada.

All told, the seaway is often called a billion-dollar job. The estimated total cost, at 1948 prices, is \$806 millions. However, this total includes a good deal of work already done by Canada, and done without any prior arrangement at all with the U. S. —mainly the Welland Canal. They were willing to credit us with \$164 millions for these works.

Even with that credit included, moreover, Canada still got the smaller share of the cost. Canada's total outlay, past and future, was to be \$336 millions against an American \$469 millions. But the new money required from Canada would have been only \$203 millions, of which Ontario would put up \$141 millions for a power project which would pay for itself, and Ottawa only \$62 millions.

That's a temptingly good offer. No wonder Ottawa has waited from year to year, hoping the U. S. Congress would finally ratify its own Government's agreement.

If Canada does it alone, on the other hand, the total cost goes up by \$30 millions to start with. It will cost that much more to build all the canals on the Canadian side. Ottawa's contribution, instead of being \$62 millions, becomes \$271 millions, with Ontario putting in \$132 millions and New York State \$178 millions for power.

Is the seaway worth this price?

People who've studied it seem to have no doubt the answer is yes, but let's be clear what we're getting for the money.

For one thing, it is *not* a channel deep enough for all or even most ocean shipping. All the foregoing figures are based on a canal twenty-seven feet deep. Most ocean freighters need more water than that—thirty or thirty-five feet. To dig a 35-foot canal would cost at least twice as much as the 27-foot, for it would mean deepening all the Upper Lake canals, channels and harbors too. However, the 27-foot channel would be deep enough to permit every ship now plying the Great Lakes to sail to the Gulf of the St. Lawrence.

The Tolls Would Pay Off

What would we have to pay per year to earn the benefits offered by the seaway?

An astonishingly small amount, really. The St. Lawrence seaway is a capital asset which will not depreciate; except for a few bits of machinery, it will always be as valuable as it is now. There's no special reason, therefore, for trying to recover the capital—we could afford to pay interest on the whole amount indefinitely. On this basis the carrying charges of all the navigation works amount to only \$15.3 millions a year. Those for the St. Lawrence canals alone would be \$12.3 millions.

Even with a very moderate schedule of tolls the St. Lawrence canal would earn this much money. It would require a charge of only twenty cents a ton on raw materials and sixty-five cents a ton for manufactured goods to bring in \$12.3 millions a year. It's a source of satisfaction to some Canadians, too, to reflect that most of these carrying charges would, in fact, be paid by Americans; in other words, the project would be joint after all.

To come back to the Washington scene, it appears less and less likely that we can make it a joint project in any other sense. If the question ever came to a vote, probably a majority in both Houses would favor it. But

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the favorable majority doesn't care, isn't really interested. Even the administration big guns who testified in favor of it were partly, perhaps chiefly, motivated by friendliness for Canada. Here was something Canada badly wanted and the U. S. really ought to have so they were willing to support it, but they didn't seem to care very intensely one way or the other.

There is also some honest scepticism about the advisability of doing it now. The Joint Congressional Committee which examines the President's annual economic report brought out its own report early in April. It was distinctly cool to Truman's recommendation of an immediate start on the St. Lawrence seaway.

"Altogether aside from the debate over public power," said the Joint Committee, "such a proposal will have to be carefully examined to see how and when it can be fitted into the over-all Government program for national defense, the establishment of world peace, and the extremely heavy expenditures now being incurred for these purposes."

The Joint Committee is a powerful and respected body. At the best of times such a cool reaction would damage the seaway's chances. At the moment, the Truman administration's stock with Congress is so low that any hostile factor becomes doubly strong. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the administration's support for the project is a point against it, in Congress. Seldom if ever has a government had less control or even influence over its own legislative machinery.

All these arguments point to one conclusion: If, as expected, Congress lets another session go by without action on the seaway agreement, Canada ought to start building it herself.

Even that would require American co-operation, of course. It would involve some diversion of waters, therefore would need to have the sanction of the International Joint Commission, the Canada-U. S. body which since 1909 has regulated all questions relating to boundary waters. Before New York State could go ahead with its share of the power development it would need the consent of the Federal Power Commission.

Also, we'd need American steel, American cement, American heavy machinery and American dollars to carry out the job—all of which are scarce. We'd have to get defense-order priorities from Washington for the materials, and we'd presumably have to float loans in New York.

However, for all these things we require only the good will and co-operation of the Washington administration. None of these things need be approved by Congress. Since the administration (regardless of party) has been in favor of the seaway for twenty years it would hardly put obstacles in our way.

And it is a late date, very late indeed. Ontario will be in desperate need of more electric power by 1956. Five years from now would be a very optimistic minimum time for the construction of the seaway and power development. If it is not started this year Ontario will face an interval of acute shortage.

Already the chances of starting this year are rather slight. The International Joint Commission will undoubtedly approve the project in the end, but it must by law conduct hearings in both countries. At these hearings the same opponents now stalling it in Congress can employ the same tactics of delay and obstruction—with less ultimate success, perhaps, but not without temporary effect.

Preparation of detailed working plans (itself a job costing several millions)

CANADIAN BELL RINGERS

Oh, east and west and south and north
The census takers sally forth
This year upon their footsore missions
To gather facts for statisticians.

May luck go with them as they count
The nation's shapely heads.
And may they easily surmount
The callous fate that spreads
Unsporting snares
Like skates on stairs;
Or rouses from their beds
Uncourteous men with much to say
Who work by night and sleep by day.

May doorbell yield to eager thumb;
May doors be opened when they
come,
And slamming at a minimum.

May what their broad survey reveals
Prove moderately credible.
May watchdogs nibbling at their heels
Decide that they're inedible.

May ages they record be true.
And may those irate housewives who
Throw dishpans with intent to maim
Be slow of hand and poor of aim.

May dangers that beset their way
Be constantly eluded—
And at the final count may they
Survive to be included.

—P. J. Blackwell

must begin by August at the latest if actual construction is to be under way at the beginning of the 1952 season. It doesn't take much calculation to figure only a slim chance of starting even an all-Canadian job in 1952.

It is, of course, still possible that Congress might approve the joint scheme. In February the official estimate was that the ratification bill had a 50-50 chance; by April this optimism had faded and the odds were at least 60-40 against. Between the urgency of our own need for power and cheap transport on the one hand, and American apathy on the other, it seems about time Canadians gave serious thought to assuming the whole burden.

There's one last point in favor of it, this year, which may not make much difference to the ordinary taxpayer but has some attraction for the Canadian Government. This year the seaway project might be rated as something less than a net out-of-pocket expenditure. This year it could be counted, in part at least, as a defense outlay.

North Atlantic Treaty nations are under no compulsion to spend any particular sum, or mobilize any particular number, in the joint effort of common defense. However, there is a good deal of pressure on each country to pull its weight.

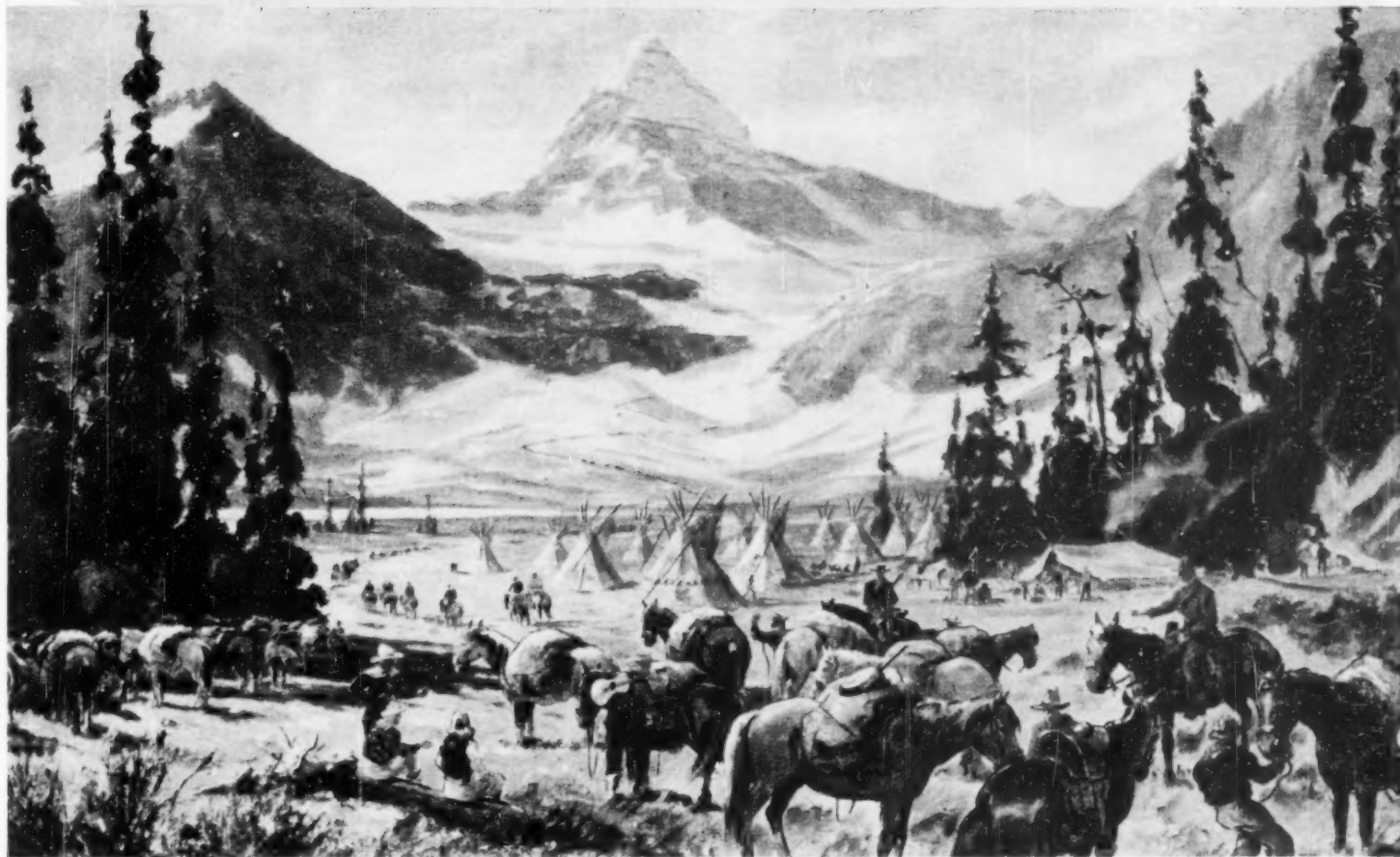
Canada doesn't mind spending money; it does mind mobilizing forces larger than can be got by volunteer methods. Any excuse for increasing our financial contribution and decreasing our share of armed forces is welcome. The seaway would be one such.

It would occupy ten thousand men for five or six years, and cost more than a quarter of a billion dollars. This outlay of men and money would be for an objective which the American Government's own spokesmen have called, repeatedly, an urgent defense requirement. Why isn't it equally so if Canada does it alone?

Looking at it this way, you might say Canada could pay for the seaway by deducting it from her income tax. ★

EXCLUSIVELY CANADIAN...

Each summer the "Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies," whose world-wide membership is open to "dudes" of every race, colour and creed, gather amid the majesty of snow-capped peaks to ride the alpine trails and camp in the valleys of one of Canada's loveliest playgrounds.

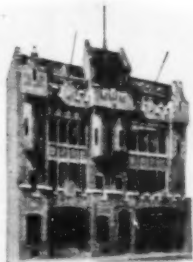


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peoples of other lands know about our country, the greater will be their interest in Canada and in Canadian products.

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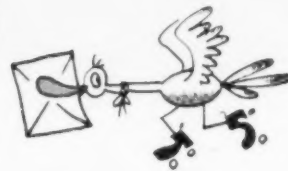
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Franklin's Fame and Folly

Your excellent article, Franklin's Folly, March 15, was very much appreciated... The behavior of the officers as described was typical of the time. The sufferings of the troops and of the wounded in the ensuing Crimean War can (also) justly be attributed to the incompetence and callousness of many of the officers, even in the highest ranks.—George Porteous, Queen's Bay, B.C.

● I doubt whether a more vicious, stupid, ignorantly anti-British hunk of uncooked tripe has ever before disgraced the pages of a Canadian magazine.—Mrs. E. W. Robson, Toronto.

● Have just read your latest masterpiece, Franklin's Folly. Congratulations—excellent work!—Paul Phelan, Powell River, B.C.

● The gist of writer Bodsworth's thesis is that Franklin was an incompetent who never set out on an expedition without being lost. This is a gross distortion which the cheapest lawyer would despise.

He was given three polar assignments by the Admiralty, two of which he punctually discharged in the face of frightful hardships and to the satisfaction of his superiors; in the third

he persevered while the breath was in his body. Few of us can hope for a better epitaph.—L. H. Neatby, Toronto.

Never Heard of Tom Cats

I was amazed to learn that all the cats don't exist among the female species. Frank Patrick's letter in March 15 Mailbag re Barbara Ann Scott and small-town smallness was decidedly uncalled for.

If B. A. wants to dye her hair red, wear a black braid and blond chignon—more power to her, and let the tabbies scratch elsewhere!—Mrs. D. Lawrence, Port Arthur, Ont.

Good Enough to Sell

Fred Bodsworth's article, We're Running out of Water (April 1), is so good you should sell it in pamphlet form. Canadians can be proud of Maclean's.—W. Philip, Grand River Conservation Commission, Galt, Ont.

● If copies are available, or for sale, I am interested in passing them to the farmers in my parish. I assume many other public servants would have the same interest in my area, which is plagued by floods and indifference. The article speaks for itself.—Rev. H. G. Boadway, Listowel, Ont.

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IT'S A QUALITY-TESTED WEAR-EVER
Canada's Favourite Aluminum for Over 50 Years!

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May the Tribe Increase

I read with interest Eva-Lis Wuorio's article, Last of the Battling Suffragettes (Mar. 1). But instead of "last" may her numbers increase. I am just kicking for the day when there are women to vote for here in N. B., especially one that fights like a tiger cat for women's rights and general improvements. — Mrs. Fred White, Clifton Royal, N.B.

● People are asking why has Mayor Goodwin, of Ottawa, one eye closed



and only three fingers on his left hand? — F. C. McAlpine, Calgary, Alta.

Mrs. Goodwin is sure the mayor has all his fingers. Photographer T. V. Little calls it an optical illusion (see cut).

A Lecture for Laius

"Laius" in his letter, A Psychiatrist Quits (Mailbag Mar. 15), makes me sizzle.

For years schoolteachers have been bucking apathy, insufficient funds, and red tape, ignorance, disease, and incapacity. Where would our nation of adults be if they had given up? Where is the pioneer spirit in "Laius"? Is

he not a Canadian? Our life on this continent was born out of hardship; that's the stuff that makes us a nation.

Let "Laius" quit. He cannot prevent delinquency in Canada by going to the U. S. but he certainly cannot prevent it by staying here if it's only the government that is stopping him. Too many Canadians head south where they supposedly find their talents truly appreciated. If they have talent let them stay here and prove it despite the difficulties. — J. A. Turpin, Hudson, Que.

● It does not take a psychiatrist to tell "Laius" what his trouble is. Obviously he lacks courage; he is running away, and doesn't have the courage to sign his own name to his criticisms and opinions.

It should be pointed out to him that the only way any country, group or individual can become strong is to face the problems and lick them. — John C. Mason, Mimico, Ont.

How Many Times to a Fork?

Attention, Oscar! Re your April 1 cover—you are using the wrong fork! I think a fork with five tines should be used for pitching hay. All kidding aside, the cover is good and the little fellow with the sandwich is priceless. — H. C. Allwood, Montreal.

Oscar says the fork was specially designed to pick up five peas at once.

Good-bye to Forty Bucks

The article in the March 15 issue, How to Save Money on your Income Tax, appeared two years too late to save me forty bucks.

A certain provincial government used to insist on collecting income tax on life-insurance dividends so I assumed the Dominion Government would do the same, or at least warn

BRAVE LETTER CARRIER SNATCHES SMALL BOY FROM FIERY DEATH

**James Philpott, of Toronto, suffers severe burns
rescuing youngster from blazing Scarborough home**



1. Postman James Philpott, gray-haired veteran of two wars, was delivering mail on Meadow Avenue in Scarborough. While handing letters in to a lady at one door, she suddenly pointed to a cottage style house across the street. Flames were coming from several of the windows! Without a second's hesitation, Philpott dropped his mail-bag and raced across the road.



2. A roaring mass of flames met him as he wrenched open the front door. From a back room came the hysterical cries of a child — pathetic screams that gave Philpott new courage as he plunged into the inferno. Finally he found the 4-year-old boy huddled on the floor . . . the fire licking closer and closer to him. The back door was locked and Philpott, carrying the child, had to fight his way to the front again.



3. Despite the fury of the fire, he managed to calm the boy enough to find out that there were no others in the house. Then, although both had been burned by melted, falling paint, he dashed through three blazing rooms and out the front door to safety. We are indeed proud to add the name of James Philpott to the list of those who have won The Dow Award.



THE DOW AWARD is a citation presented for acts of outstanding heroism and includes, as a tangible expression of appreciation, a \$100 Canada Savings Bond. The Dow Award Committee, a group of editors of leading Canadian daily newspapers, selects Award winners from recommendations made by a nationally known news organization.

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me if I were paying the tax unnecessarily. What a hope! All they can do now is regret that it is too late for a refund of the overpaid tax.

I have lost some of my simple faith in governments.—"Red Riding Hood," Calgary.

● I discovered that in the past I have been gypping myself in failing to list all my exemptions in compiling my tax form, an error which I won't make again. Thank you!—D.A.D., Shaunavon, Sask.

● Does a person have to pay tax on the interest on the money in the bank, also on bonds interest?—M. S. H., Pembroke, Ont.

Yes to both.

● You state that one can include (as deductions) drugs and medicine purchased from a doctor, hospital or nurse—but not from a drugstore.

We would like to know how a person would go about getting medicine other than from a drugstore, because the doctor will always give a prescription to be filled at the drugstore.—Peter P. Von Niessen, Oliver, B.C.



See if your doctor will order it for you and include it in his bill.

Good Crops in Paraguay
The Tragic Trek of the Mennonites, by W. O. Mitchell (March 1), has caused an unfortunate amount of misunderstanding among people without a first-hand knowledge of the facts.

Even after making all allowances for the great difference in climate between Western Canada and Paraguay and the consequent difference in their agricultural culture, the article was surely distorted. For an accurate account of the Mennonite settlements in Paraguay I would recommend Dr. Willard H. Smith's book, *Paraguayan Interlude*.

There have been hardships in connection with the settlements in Paraguay, as there has been in all pioneer settling, but accuracy in an article is certainly desirable. This past year crops in Paraguay have been exceptionally good.—Ezra Stauffer, Minister, Mennonite Church, Tofield, Alta.

RETRACTION

We ran a story in our March 15th issue about Regina's pioneer days. One of the anecdotes told of a visit made many years ago to Regina by Sam Hamilton, a former mayor of Moose Jaw. We thought we had it on good authority that the rivalry between the two cities led to Mr. Hamilton being locked up in this visit to Regina for disturbing the peace and the article said this. Mr. Hamilton, now living in Victoria, writes us this incident never happened.

We had no thought that this anecdote could be considered derogatory to Mr. Hamilton in the context of this story and we certainly meant no harm to him or anyone else. However, we are glad to retract, freely and unreservedly, the remarks about him in that story.—The Editors.



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Brave Words From Baxter

I wish to commend Beverley Baxter for his brave words in *Things That Dollars Can't Buy* (Mar. 1). Amidst all this war-mongering and hysteria his courageous words are most heartening and it was high time that someone in high places voiced a few words of sanity and truth. More power to his pen!—Ed. Blain, Hanna, Alta.

● The opinions expressed by Baxter indict my country with charges of moral cowardice, self-interest in international affairs, and demanding our "pound of flesh" in return for Marshall Plan aid. We shall count our friends not by what they do for us but what they do harm to our enemy, because we can take care of ourselves.

In our fight against (Communism) we may have allies, we may not. We do not care. The United States exists because of the adherence of a few men to the ideal of freedom. We shall strive that it continue to do so.—Charles S. Miller, New York City.

● I like most of Baxter's articles but take exception to this article... where he openly derides our ally and neighbor who is doing so much to help us against our greatest enemy and that of the world, "the Communist."

At such a time as this, why pour salt into the wounds that must be well-nigh intolerable. I am the daughter and grand-daughter of British soldiers and like fair play, which I have for years been trying to instill into the minds of my pupils. Sometimes magazines are not helpful.—Mrs. Charles Tinney, Campbellville, Ont.

● Three cheers for Beverley Baxter.—F. G. Nordgren, Lessard, Alta.

Almost Always Sane

The editorials in *Maclean's* we think are splendid and we would like to tell you how much we appreciate them. When we first pick up a new edition of *Maclean's* it is to the editorial we turn and always (well, almost always) we feel grateful for the sane and sensible appraisal of affairs of the day.

Especially we liked *Defense of an Uncle* (Feb. 1); *Rosie the Riveter* (Feb. 15) also struck home; and... you will be interested to know that your Mar. 1 editorial, *And There Was No War*, was used as basis for a sermon in one of our churches yesterday.—Mrs. R. C. McFaul, Owen Sound, Ont.

● Bravo! for your editorial about our politicians—No Thanks For the Man With the Toughest Job (Mar. 15). A good deal of abuse heaped on our statesmen is frivolous unthinking repetition of popular clichés—a lot of it inherent envy and suspicion.—Mrs. W. Crossland, Barrie, Ont.

● Your recent Valentine Has reached its destination. And *Rosie Riveter* has read Your words with perturbation. She knows she should electioneer. Instead of washing dishes, And cultivate a mind mature To satisfy your wishes. But riveting must still be done And babies require tending; Men toil no more from sun to sun, Yet socks somehow need mending. Still *Rosie* feels she's fallen down In choosing her vocation; She would reform and do her bit To guide her erring nation.—M. E. C., Durban, Man. ★

WIT AND WISDOM

Mourning After—You don't realize how foolish you are to stay up all night until it dawns on you.—*Sudbury Daily Star*.

Or a Gopher—A go-getter is a guy who runs out of gas two miles from a service station.—*Calgary Herald*.

Rearing a Crop—A grower we know recently crossed a watermelon with a wheelbarrow and got buckshot.—*Muenster (Sask.) Prairie Messenger*.

The Soft Touch—In Denmark, officials are trying to popularize the motto, "Pay your taxes gladly." In Denmark, as elsewhere, officials soon lose all touch with the taxpayers.—*Ottawa Evening Citizen*.

Time out of Mind—According to experts the safest driving time may be from 6 to 7 a.m., if there is such a time.—*Toronto Star*.

How Could You?—To be happy with a man you must love him a little and understand him a lot—to be happy with a woman, you must love her a lot and try not to understand her at all.—*Prince Albert Daily Herald*.

Price Slasher—An Alberta veterinary got a call from a local store. A farmer there wanted him to look at a sick cow. The doctor picked up the farmer and drove over winding country roads. As they pulled up to the farmer's house, the farmer opened the car door and said:

"You can let me out here, Doc. I haven't got a sick cow. You see, you charge only \$3 for a visit while a taxi would have cost me \$5."—*Edmonton Bulletin*.

Disputed Passage—The stranger ambled into the farmyard and was greeted by the farmer. The visitor produced his card and remarked: "I am a government inspector and am entitled to inspect your farm."

Half an hour later the farmer heard screams from his alfalfa patch, where the inspector was being chased by a bull. Leaning over the gate as the inspector drew near, the farmer cried: "Show him your card, mister — show him your card!" — *Niagara Falls Review*.

A Quart of Hoyle, Please—Woman Caller: Hello! Is this the city bridge department?

Yes, what can we do for you?

How many points do you get for a little slam? — *Welland Evening Tribune*.

JASPER

By Simpkins



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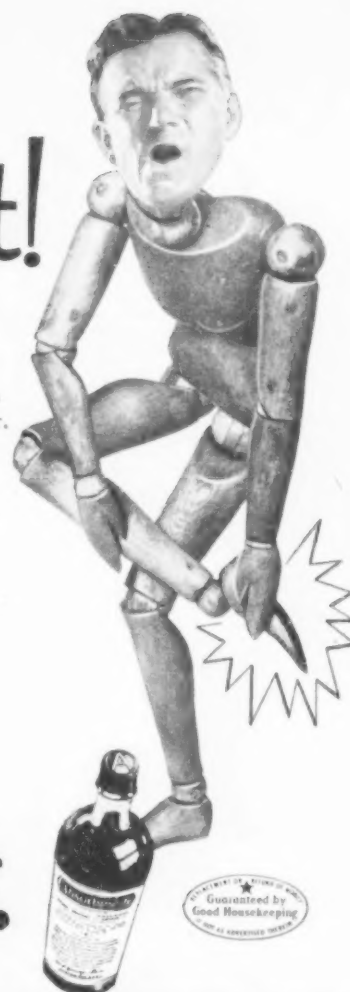
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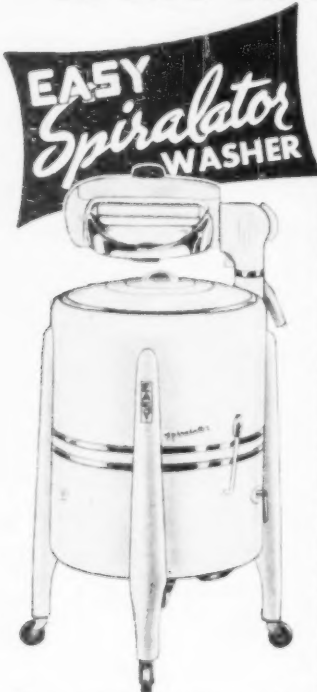
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Easy Spiralator "roll-over" action is more powerful, yet more gentle. Clothes come cleaner, faster... and safer. Easy Safety Wringer protects you and your clothes. Easy Automatic Power Pump empties the water!



Easy Spiralator Spin-Rinse Washer washes with exclusive Easy Spiralator "roll-over" action. The new Automatic Spin-Rinse makes clothes sweeter, cleaner, fluffier than ever before. Dries with the famous Easy Spindry in a matter of minutes. Your whole week's wash in less than an hour!

EASY WASHING MACHINE COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO (10), ONTARIO

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It was the young Halifax couple's first baby and when mother returned from hospital father enthusiastically shared the extra chores, helping with the washing and preparing bottles. After several weeks he was ready for the job of getting up in the middle of the night, changing the child and giving the night bottle.

On the first night of this experiment the wife was awakened by a gentle tugging at her shoulder and a whispered demand: "Where's that new dressing gown I got for Christmas? I can't feed the baby in this old thing I've been wearing."

A Toronto research scientist recently invited several friends—including an out-of-town business prospect—to his house for television.



In the dim light of the living room he vaguely noticed most of the guests arrive amid subdued hellos. Some time later his wife served refreshments. Several people departed. When the last program was completed he turned off the set, said good night to the stragglers and joined his wife in the kitchen.

"Nice evening," he said, "but it was too bad E. R. didn't show up. I was hoping to get that contract settled."

"Oh, he left soon after we ate," his wife said. "He was the one you yelled at to sit down and stop blocking the other people's view."

In Vancouver it all depends on the district you're in whether you get "All Aboard!" or something better from one enterprising streetcar operator. Commuters were startled recently when, after hearing him bellow "Both Doors In!" at a series of transfer points, they saw him fling open the doors with a flourish at a University stop and summon waiting students with: "Utilize both entrances, if you please!"

At a recent sitting of the Court of King's Bench in Moose Jaw all except one member of the panel of forty-eight jurors answered the roll.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

The judge directed the sheriff to find the juror and bring him to explain his unauthorized absence. About an hour later a man and woman burst into the courtroom, followed by the sheriff.

"It's all my wife's fault, judge," the man began nervously.

Then the woman explained that when the bailiff delivered the summons for jury duty she thought he was "the man from the finance company. We always tear up those notices."

When attendance slumped at the meetings of the Home and School Club in Fergus, Ont., the executive decided to enlist the help of the local Chamber of Commerce to pep up the meetings. The businessmen offered to provide subjects for general debate and to lead the discussions.

The club chairman, announcing this departure, told members the subject for debate at the next meeting would be: "Are We Afraid to Discipline Our Children?"

"Afterwards," he continued, "there will be refreshments and a collection in aid of the Save The Children Fund."

A motorist in the Cochrane district of northern Ontario recently lost his way and asked directions from a man standing at the side of the road. The man said he lived not far from the motorist's destination and he might as well go along.

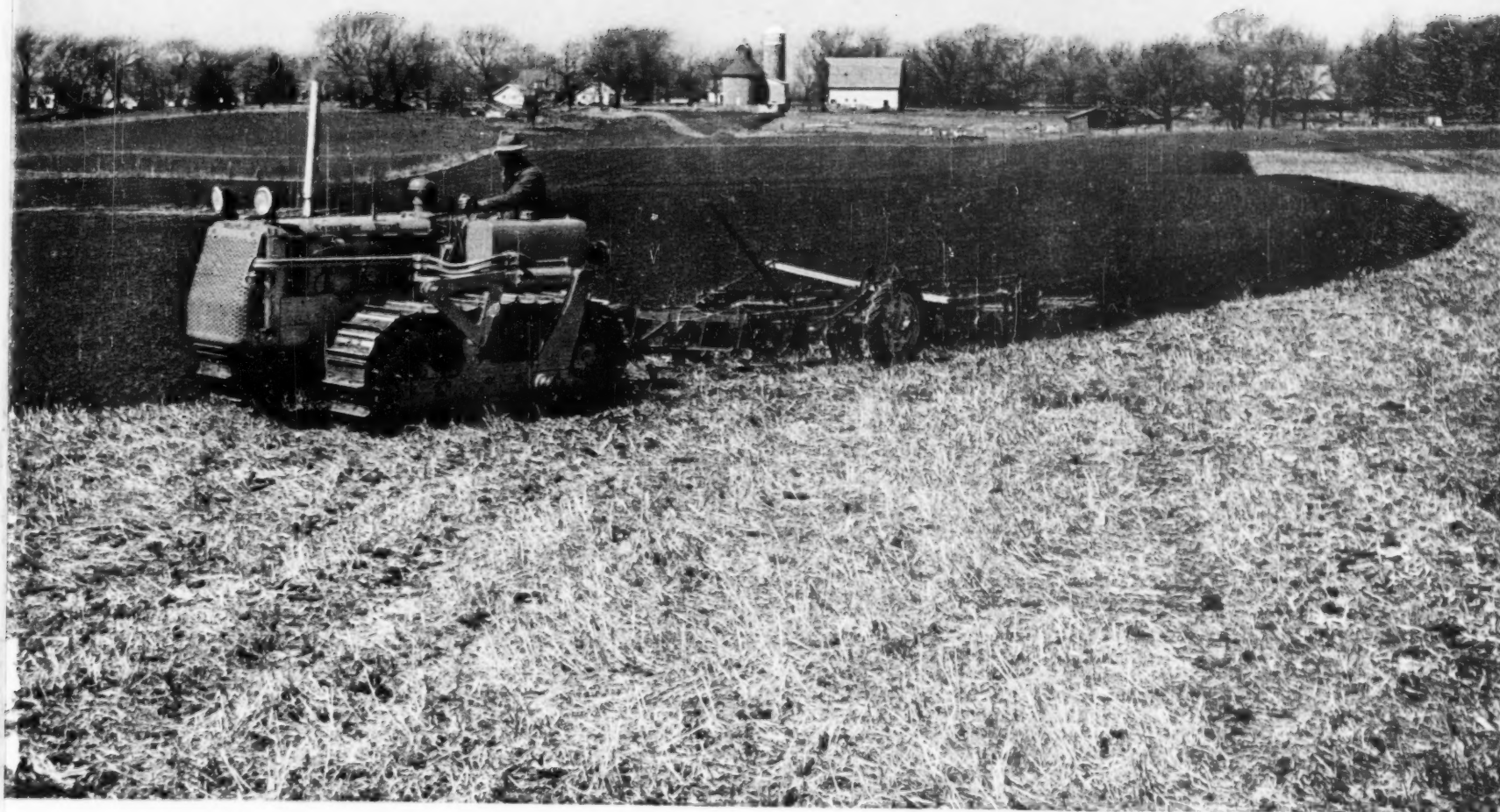
They drove for several miles, turned right on to a branch road at the guide's direction and then drove a few more miles. Finally, the guide indicated a small house beside the



rutty trail and announced: "Here's where I get off."

The driver stared at him for a moment, then said: "Yes, but where's the place I'm trying to find?"

"Oh, that," said the guide. "About half a mile past the spot where you picked me up—and turn to the left."



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